



No. 420.—VOL. XXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. B. CIOLINA, FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The King and Parliament—The Peers and their Robes—The Duke of Cornwall and York's Visit to the Colonies—The Kaiser and Lord Roberts—The Marriage of the Queen of Holland.*

THE KING adds daily to his popularity by going amidst his people, and the taste for pageantry, which has lain dormant for a time, has sprung into existence again. An Englishman loves a brave show just as much as the man of any other nation does, and the splendour of such a procession as we shall see to-morrow adds much in all eyes to the majesty of Kingship. The approaching Session is one in which exceptionally important business will be discussed, for the future of the Army is to be moulded and debated on, and it is a right and gracious act of His Majesty to mark this very important gathering together of Lords and Commons by some ceremony of special splendour.

Many of the Peers last week suddenly realised that they did not possess the State-robcs of their order, and the robe-makers and costumiers have been kept busy.—Of late years, a Peer has never, or hardly ever, been called upon to appear in his robes, and the whole body of the Lords has never been seen garbed in dress of State. Every robe-maker always keeps some of the more expensive robes of State—those of a Registrar, for instance—ready, and lends them out when officials have to use them at any great ceremony. Many a Peer, when his portrait is to be added to the family picture-gallery, has obtained the crimson and ermine from his tailor for a small consideration. The Peers will not wear their coronets to-morrow, but before the day of the Coronation every member of the nobility having a seat in the House of Lords will have to provide himself with the headgear which, with the stripes on the sleeves of the robes, denotes his rank.

It is the King's intention to pay a visit to the Empress Frederick, his sister, in her Castle near Wiesbaden. The German Emperor when he left our shores went direct to the sick-room of his mother, and the Empress may find in the family gathering which is to take place some solace for the sad hours she passed during the last illness of Her late Majesty the Queen, when her heart was at Osborne, though she was unable to go to her mother's side.

Our Colonies have deserved so well of the Mother Country that in Great Britain no less than in Australia and New Zealand genuine pleasure is felt that it has been found possible for the Duke of Cornwall and York to visit the great dependencies of the Crown, as was previously intended. Some of the State functions originally planned may have to be carried out in more sober guise than was intended, for the Duke will, of course, be in deep mourning, but our brothers "down under" are one in feeling and sentiment with us, and their regret for the great Queen who has passed from her Empire will be present in all hearts as well as their joy in welcoming the Heir to the Throne. Canada has advanced her plea that the Royal visit should be extended to her shores, and should it be possible for His Royal Highness thus to extend his voyage, it would give delight to millions of loyal subjects.

The bestowal of the Order of the Black Eagle upon Lord Roberts by the Kaiser is the highest compliment that our new Field-Marshal can pay the British Army and its well-loved Commander-in-Chief. The Garter is the most coveted of all Orders, and probably the Golden Fleece ranks next in honour; but the Black Eagle, the highest Prussian Order, stands the third, if not the second, in esteem amongst the Orders of Chivalry. The rules concerning it are of the strictest, and so highly did its founder rank it that he decreed that, when its insignia were worn, those of no other Order might be borne at the same time. Its bestowal is always considered a mark of personal favour on the part of the Emperor, as well as being a high official compliment. Lord Roberts has within a very few weeks secured two of the great prizes of the Orders of Chivalry. The great Duke of Wellington was probably the British Commander who bore more high European honours than any other of our great Commanders; but, if distinctions are to continue to pour in years to come upon the soldiers' friend "Bobs" as they have during this year, he will soon outshine in decorations the victors of Blenheim and Waterloo.

It is quite a mistake to imagine that the Dutch take their pleasure stolidly. The stout gentleman who smokes a pipe and only replies "Ja" when asked questions, and shows no emotion under any circumstances, is a stage invention, and is not the genuine Holland article at all. When the Dutch go merry-making, they do so with a thoroughness that only the Spaniards can emulate. In Seville, during the fair-week, when the weather is pleasantly warm and the sky is clear, the peasants and the girls from the cigar-factory dance all night long under the trees of the wide boulevard; but the Dutch at The Hague cared nothing for cold weather, and danced in the streets through the nights before the wedding until the dawn was in the sky, and were ready to cheer and dance again by ten in the morning. The broad-built men and buxom ladies of the land of canals and dykes are passionately attached to their rosy little Queen, as fond as our grandfathers were of the sweet and gentle English lady who stepped on to the British Throne in the last century, and they are, as is natural, just a little jealous of the young German soldier who has won her heart. The young Queen will have to make her Consort a cavalry Colonel or General before he makes a second inspection of the Royal stables, for his visit to them in the uniform of an Admiral seems to have tickled the Dutch sense of humour immensely.

## THE ROYAL BRIDAL.

*THE HAGUE EN FÊTE.*

"WHEN the Dutch are joyful, they go mad with joy," once observed a shrewd French critic of staid Holland. This last week the country which boasts of the only Queen Regnant now living showed every desire to prove its foreign observer in the right, but their madness was of a cheerful, peaceful nature, and led, if to much junketing and cheering, to no accidents. The Royal bride enjoyed what we have so long been accustomed to style Queen's weather, and the whole scene on Thursday, Feb. 7, must have recalled the auspicious Royal wedding which put London *en fête* just sixty years ago.

## THE CIVIL CEREMONY.

The Dutch Minister of Justice had the signal honour of performing his Sovereign's civil marriage in the presence of the high State dignitaries and a few of the Royal couple's nearest relations. Like Queen Victoria, Wilhelmina desired to be married "as a woman, not a Queen." Accordingly, that sentence in the civil marriage service describing the bridegroom as "head in matrimony" was not omitted, as many had supposed would be the case. On the other hand, all reference to Duke Henrik's people becoming his wife's people was very properly left out.

## FROM THE CRADLE.

In the little speech which wound up the civil proceedings, the Minister of Justice feelingly observed that the Dutch people had watched their Sovereign grow up from her cradle, and were one with her in their ardent hopes for her happiness. So woe betide the Prince Consort should he not act up to the Dutch ideal of a good husband.

## A CINDERELLA COACH.

Accompanied by the Queen-Mother, the Royal bride then proceeded in regal state to the splendid Old Church, where what most people must consider the real nuptial-knot was tied. Their Majesties drove in the golden coach presented by Amsterdam to the maiden Sovereign, and, as this Cinderella carriage rolled along, it evoked screams of admiration and surprise from even the more stolid Dutch *vrouws* lining the route, for the whole effect was wonderfully brilliant and fairy-like, especially when the bright sunlight caused each touch of ornamentation to radiate like a sun. Through the glass panels the youthful bride, her pretty, fair hair, and sweet, pink-cheeked face hidden in a cloud of tulle, could be plainly seen, and her loyal people were touched to see that she was evidently deeply moved.

## HOLLAND'S "WESTMINSTER ABBEY."

The Groote Kirk may be called the "Westminster Abbey of Holland," and it is said to be the young Queen's favourite place of worship. Never again will its grim walls form a background to so brilliant a company, or, it may be added, see a more charming scene than that which took place there last Thursday.

## "JA!"

The bride and bridegroom stood during the ceremony on a gorgeous carpet, presented to them, strangely enough, by the gentlemen of Holland, and though they both looked as nervous as tradition requires, they each uttered the fateful "Ja!" so clearly that the word resounded through the Church.

## A HISTORIC GARMENT.

The Royal wedding-dress, though actually made in Paris, was of entirely Dutch material, the elaborate pearl embroidery which formed a sheath to Queen Wilhelmina's tall, slender figure having been embroidered by the young workers of an art school in which the Queen-Mother has always been interested. Marvellous Flemish lace, given, it is said, by the King of the Belgians to his young kinswoman, edged the collar and cuffs of the wedding-dress, which would have been almost too ornate for the occasion had not the whole effect been wonderfully softened down by the cloud of "illusion" tulle.

## A TOUCHING SCENE.

Once the religious ceremony was really over, the newly married Sovereign showed unaffected joy. Throwing blushing constraint aside, she literally ran into her mother's arms, and then darted off to her mother-in-law, with whom she seemed on the best of terms. The bridegroom was also much embraced by all the elderly ladies present, and even his somewhat stolid gravity relaxed as he seated himself by his smiling bride in the golden coach which bore them back to the Palace, amid the shouts and deep-throated cheers of the largest multitude ever seen at The Hague.

## THE PRESENTS.

The wedding-gifts showered on other Royal couples of late years pale in splendour before those shown last week at The Hague Palace. Queen Emma's present to her daughter consisted of gems so splendid that some indiscreet guest expressed her surprise, only to be told by the donor, with a tearful smile, "I have been preparing for this day since my child's birth." Gold and silver plate, marvellously chased, was a special feature, the bridegroom's family presenting a replica of their famous mediæval service of plate, no one piece of which has ever before been copied.

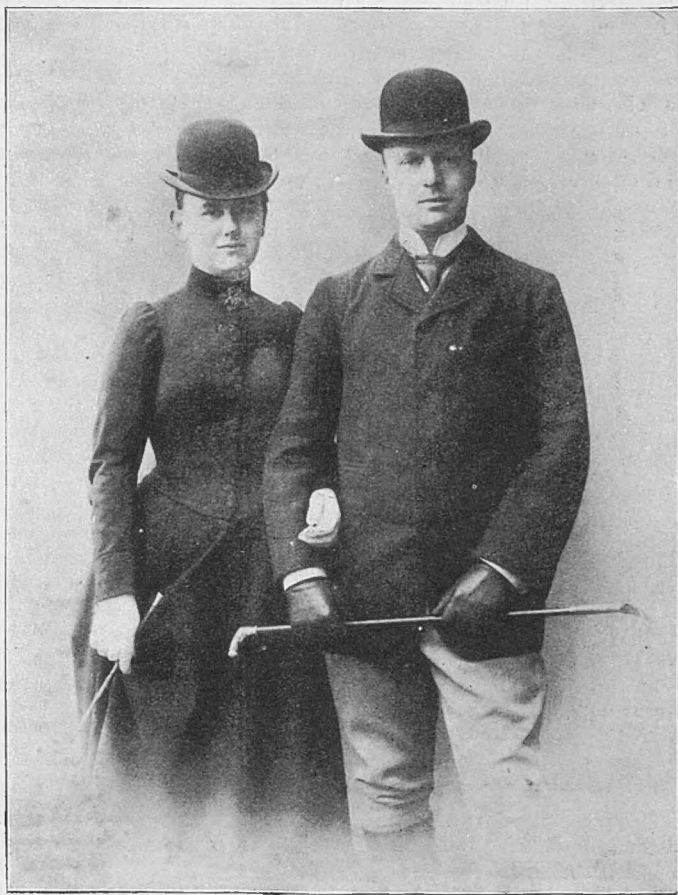
## THE HONEYMOON.

The honeymoon is being spent at The Loo, the curious country Palace where our Queen Anne, as a young married woman, spent some not unhappy years.



## THE LATEST ROYAL WEDDING.

MARRIAGE OF QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND TO DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.



THE ROYAL BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

*From Photographs by Wegner and Mottu, Amsterdam.*

AN ANCIENT ROYAL WEDDING AT THE CATHEDRAL IN WHICH THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY TOOK PLACE ON FEB. 7.

*This Replica of an Old Print shows the Marriage of the Prince of Nassau-Weilburg to the Princess Caroline of Orange and Nassau on March 5, 1760.*



## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*Good-bye to the Kaiser—Speeding the Parting Guest—The Queen's First Public Appearance—Seas of Mud in London—An Object-Lesson for Foreigners—The Trampled Park—Sea-Gulls at Paddington.*

THE cloud which has hung over the British Empire since we first had news of the Queen's illness is beginning to lift. We have paid the last tribute of love and respect to the Great Queen, and now turn hopefully to the new reign, with a gratified feeling that our relations with Germany have been improved, and that the soreness we still felt with the Emperor William has been healed over that impressive death-bed. Certainly the Kaiser must have felt satisfied with London's reception of him when he paid his farewell visit last week. From Paddington to Buckingham Palace he was heartily cheered, but the warmest cheers of the crowd were reserved to speed the parting guest who had shown himself so worthy a grandson of the Queen.

There was a pretty big crowd of us assembled on the Tuesday outside St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and all along Pall Mall. We had come to give the Emperor a hearty send-off, and we did it, while he for his part seemed thoroughly pleased at the way we greeted him. The reconciliation was complete, and the Emperor smiled and saluted all along the route as if he was well pleased with himself and with us. He hardly looked the man to prefer a fraudulent old absconder to the greatest nation in the world.

We got a better view of the King on his way back, and I was glad to see that he had almost lost that look of intense sadness and weariness which seemed to lie so heavy on him on the Saturday of the funeral. The King was alone in the carriage with the Duke of Connaught, and was evidently delighted with the eagerness of his subjects to see him. There was a pretty general agreement among the lookers-on that the cocked-hat of a British Field-Marshal is a much better head-dress than the low-crowned German helmet, and that it must be a good deal more comfortable.

On Thursday, we turned out to see Queen Alexandra make her first appearance in London with the King. She has not got rid of her sad looks, and, though she bowed very graciously, never smiled. I hope that to-morrow, when we see her going to assist at the State opening of Parliament, the Queen will have recovered her smiles and have got over the shock of the trying fortnight at Osborne.

Probably, until some official is drowned in the sea of mud which ebbs and flows in the streets after a storm, the state of London will never be improved. Last week, twopennyworth of snow fell, and the authorities were as much taken by surprise as if they lived in Central Africa and had never seen a snowstorm before. Down Piccadilly there was a broad stream of slush by each pavement, into which the unwary walked, splashing themselves up to the eyes. Only a trained long-jumper could hope to get over the mess in safety, and we are not all athletes.

And the worst of it was that London was full of foreign Kings, Princes, and other representatives, who must have taken home with them a fine idea of the capacity of our local authorities. Opposite Buckingham Palace the roads were in a filthy state, and all over the West End, except (I think) in St. James's Parish, the mess was horrible. The road officials seem to have left lakes of dark-brown, pea-soupy slush by way of a joke in all the likeliest places to catch the eye and the boots of our foreign visitors. All strangers who come to London are astonished at the excellence of our police. They must have been equally astonished at the incompetence of those whose duty it is to keep the roads clean.

I see that some superior persons are shocked because the grass in Hyde Park got trampled on the day of the funeral. Well, I confess that it did, and also that some of the shrubs presented an uncommonly miserable appearance on Sunday morning. But what of it? You cannot have between two and three hundred thousand people, however orderly they may be, swarming over the turf and flower-beds without making the place look like a football-field after a hard game on a damp day. And, after all, what does it matter? Luckily, in January the shrubs can best bear a little knocking about, for the sap is low in them; and as for the turf, the trampling will do it all the good in the world, and, when the young grass comes up in the spring, there will not be a trace of the huge army of men and women that passed over the spot. We all know the sort of people who delight in abusing the crowds at home; they are the same who circulate libellous falsehoods about our soldiers at "the Front," and up to the present we have treated them with contempt.

I noticed a very curious thing last week about the gulls which come to London in the winter. There is a depression in the Paddington Recreation Ground which is flooded only when there is any chance of skating. No sooner was the water turned on last week than a couple of hundred gulls appeared, apparently from nowhere, and settled on the miniature artificial lake. They are not fed, and they are not wanted, for they, of course, spoil the thin ice as it forms. But there they were, and the question is, how in the world did those birds find out that there was any water so far from the river, right in the middle of such a mass of houses?

## "OLD BOY" FOOTBALL CLUBS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enormous development in professional football during the last decade, the "Old Boy" Clubs have lost none of their popularity, even though their skill may relatively have abated. They remain the last relic of the days when football was a game, and not a business, and it is not too much to say that on them depends the very existence of amateurism.

Compared with some of the "Old Boy" Clubs, the oldest of the League teams are the merest mushrooms. The Old Etonians were founded as far back as 1865, and it is worth noting that Lord Kinnaird, who, as the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, convened the meeting for starting the Club, occasionally takes part in a game to-day. Thirty-five years of active play must surely be a record. In the early 'eighties the Old Etonians were probably the best Club in England. They won the Association Cup in 1879, and were in the final round in 1882 (when they scored their second victory), and also in 1875, 1876, 1881, and 1883. Having competed in six final ties, they share with Blackburn Rovers, who also participated in six, the honour of holding the record in this respect.

Of late years the "O. E.'s," however, have been unable to keep pace with the professional element, or even to hold their own among the amateurs. It is difficult to explain this falling off, unless it be that the conditions of modern football do not offer the same attractions as formerly, for there are still many promising youngsters in the school teams. The Old Etonians have numbered in their ranks some of the finest footballers that ever put on a boot. To mention only a few names, there are R. C. Gosling, who, in the opinion of many good judges, was the finest forward in England from 1892 to 1897; A. T. B. Dunn, the only man living who has ever played for England both as a forward and as a back; C. J. Ottaway, and P. J. de Paravicini, whose knack of half-volleying a heavy, greasy football has never been equalled.

At the present day the Old Carthusians probably hold a larger space in the public eye than any of the other "Old Boy" Clubs. The annual yield of first-class footballers from Charterhouse is undiminished. Their record in the English Cup, inasmuch as they won that trophy only once, is inferior to that of the Old Etonians, but their play has been much more consistently excellent. Excluding the Corinthians, the Old Carthusians have probably been the strongest purely amateur team in England for the last ten years. During that period they have taken part five times in the final for the London Charity Cup, they have won the London Cup four times, and during the four years in which they competed for the Amateur Cup they won it twice. No Club can show a longer list of famous Internationals. The names of A. M. and P. M. Walters, G. O. Smith, W. N. Cobbold, and C. Wreford-Brown will be remembered as long as football is played. It is not generally known, by the way, that it was four Old Carthusians who helped to found Stoke, the oldest Club in the Football League. The four happened to be pupils at the time in the locomotive works of the North Staffordshire Railway at Stoke, and, finding that there was no opportunity of exercising their favourite pastime in the town, they sought recruits from the sons of the manufacturers in the neighbourhood, and so brought the Stoke Club into being.

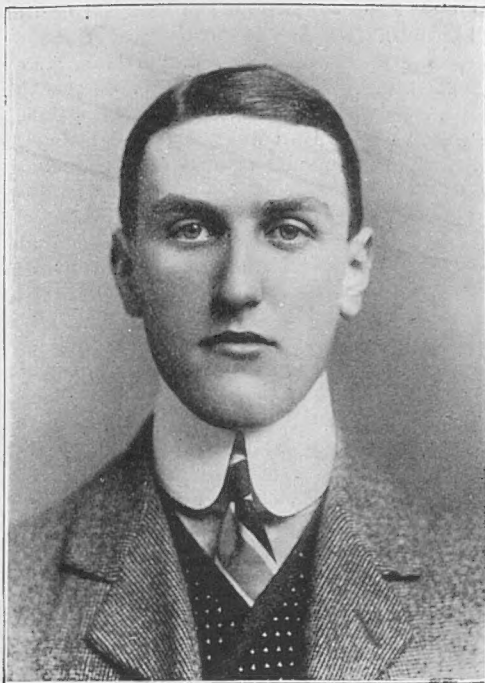
Like the Old Etonians, the pristine glory of the Old Westminsters has of late somewhat faded, but the Club is still a force to be reckoned with in amateur circles. The Old Westminsters have won the London Cup five times, and once also beaten the eventual winners, but were disqualified owing to a technicality; and in 1885-6, when Ashburnham Rovers won, ten of the team were Old Westminsters, and the eleventh the son of a Westminster master. Once the Club has won the London Charity Cup, in 1889, when they beat the Swifts, who produced an extremely strong eleven, comprising some eight or nine Internationals. Not so long ago, three Old Westminsters—W. R. Moon, J. G. Veitch, and R. R. Sandilands—were the mainstay of the Corinthians, and it is hard to account for the lack of success of a team which numbers among its playing members the two Moons, R. N. R. Blaker, H. O. C. Beasley, and F. Young. Among other famous Old Westminsters should be mentioned R. W. Sealy-Vidal, who played for England v. Scotland while still a schoolboy; the meteoric Harrison; N. C. Bailey, who holds, jointly with G. O. Smith, the record of taking part in nineteen International matches; and R. L. Aston, who forsook the Association code for the Rugby, but to such good purpose that he played in the English Fifteen v. Scotland in 1890.

The latest recruits to the ranks of the "Old Boy" Clubs are certainly not the least distinguished. The Old Malvernians Club, which was founded only three years ago, is to-day one of the strongest in the London district. No task ought to be too big for a Club which counts among its playing members R. E. Foster, of double-century fame, C. J. Burnup, S. H. Day, and G. H. Simpson-Hayward. Their five to nil defeat in November by the Old Carthusians was a nasty jar, but such unpleasant "incidents" will occasionally happen in the best-regulated football teams and armies.

Possibly owing to their confining their matches mainly to Essex, the Old Foresters have never enjoyed the fame they deserve. Since the Club was started, in 1875, it has provided the Corinthians with such well-known players as F. R. Pelly, the International back, R. C. and A. N. Guy, R. H. Foy, and S. H. J. Russell. All Old Foresters like to remember their famous struggle in the English Cup at Leyton against Preston North End, when the "Old Boys" were beaten by only two goals to nil.



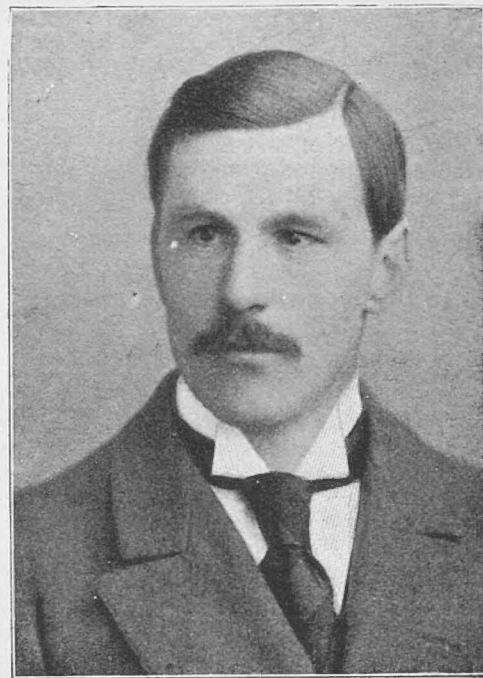
SOME REPRESENTATIVES OF "OLD BOY" FOOTBALL CLUBS.



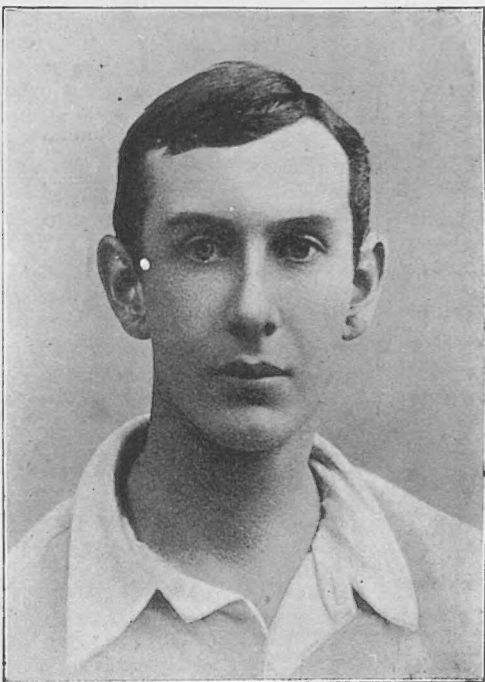
MR. R. N. R. BLAKER (OLD WESTMINSTERS).  
*Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.*



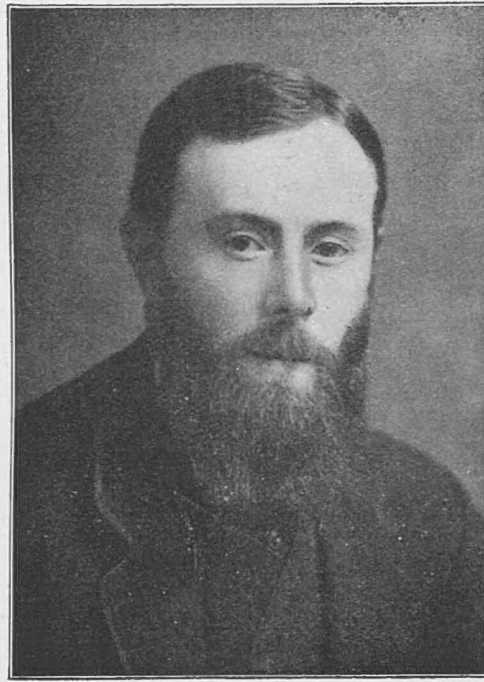
MR. W. N. COBBOLD (OLD CARTHUSIANS).  
*Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.*



MR. A. T. B. DUNN (OLD ETONIANS).  
*Photo by Jacolette, South Kensington.*



MR. G. O. SMITH (OLD CARTHUSIANS).  
*Photo by Gillman and Co., Ltd., Oxford.*



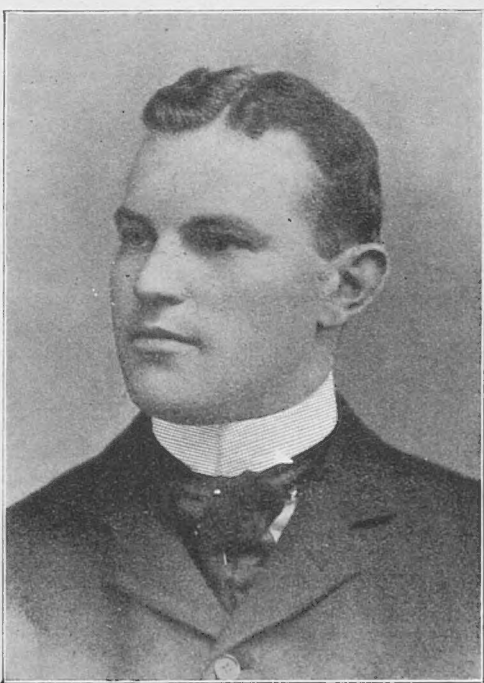
LORD KINNAID (FOUNDER OF OLD ETONIANS).  
*Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.*



MR. C. J. BURNUP (OLD MALVERNIANS).  
*Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.*



MR. R. E. FOSTER (OLD MALVERNIANS).  
*Photo by Gillman and Co., Ltd., Oxford.*



MR. A. N. GUY (OLD FORESTERS).  
*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*



MR. N. C. BAILEY (OLD WESTMINSTERS).  
*Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.*



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Victoria ... ..	9 25	10 5	10 40	11 0	11 5	11 15	12 15
* Kensington ... ..	...	...	10 15	...	...	...	...
London Bridge ... ..	...	...	9 25	...	...	...	...

\* (Addison Road). A.—Eastbourne, Sunday, First Class, 10s. B.—Week-days, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). C.—Saturdays, 10s. 6d. First Class Brighton. D.—Brighton in 60 Minutes. "Pullman Limited," Sundays, 12s. Brighton and Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. E.—Brighton and Worthing, Sundays, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car to Brighton. F.—Eastbourne, Sundays, Pullman Car, 12s. G.—Brighton, Sundays, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car.

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The above is from a pen-and-ink sketch of the Great Portrait of Queen Victoria by Benjamin Constant. The Illustrated London News will shortly issue five hundred Photogravures, all Artist's Proofs, each one signed, numbered, and stamped. Price Ten Guineas.

This Painting is the last one from life, and was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. As orders are now being received steadily from all quarters of the globe, intending subscribers should send in their orders at once to The Publisher, 198, Strand, W.C.

## THE SUNDAY CONCERT SOCIETY.

**R**EMEMBERING the constant interest Her late Majesty evinced in the popularising of Music among her subjects—evidenced noticeably during her last summer sojourn at Windsor by the Sunday performances of the best military bands on the Castle terrace by Royal command—it is not surprising to find the Duke of Portland, K.G., and Lord Valentia among the patrons of the Sunday Concert Society, of which Mr. Robert Newman is the energetic Manager.

On Sunday afternoon last, the Queen's Hall was completely filled by the audience attracted by an exceptionally good concert of this society, conducted to admiration by Mr. Henry J. Wood. Whilst the brilliant vocalism of Madame Lilian Eldée in some melodious pieces of Massenet met with well-merited applause, the chief performance was undoubtedly the excellent rendering of Brahms' Concerto in A Minor by those remarkably talented young Welshmen from the Royal College of Music, Mr. Philip Lewis, as solo violinist, and Mr. Purcell Jones as solo violoncellist, with full orchestral accompaniment. This met with the hearty appreciation it so richly deserved. The exquisite delicacy of touch exhibited by MM. Lewis and Jones in interpreting the composer's difficult music was worthy the warmest praise.

With his forthcoming Ash Wednesday concert on Feb. 20, his Busoni Recital on Feb. 23, and his grand Symphony Concerts by the magnificent Queen's Hall Orchestra, which need fear comparison now with no Continental orchestra, since the lamented death of M. Lamoureux, Mr. Robert Newman is providing a feast of music which entitles him to the gratitude of all lovers of harmony. Nor should the daily recitals of Mr. Albert Chevalier in the Small Queen's Hall be forgotten by well-wishers of wholesome entertainment.

## PICTURES OF SUNNY ITALY.

It is impossible to deny the attraction of Mr. Walter Tyndale's water-colours now exhibited at the Dowdeswell Galleries. They recall the sunlight and shadow, fine architecture, rich colour, and pretty costumes that distinguish the country that has been the birthplace of so many artists and the magnet that has attracted such a number of others. Yet it must be recognised that the artist's treatment of these fascinating sights is usually small, and often has a tendency to become hard. He is fond of elaborating details, but is deficient in regard to breadth and bold handling. One has often seen a bigger conception of the possibilities of the water-colour art, but seldom an exhibition more successfully embodying the qualities of prettiness and charm.

I may direct attention to "Bead Stringers," a street-scene, brilliant and full of colour, with three typical and picturesque figures; and to "Il Gran Scagliione, Villa d'Este," in which the handsome marble stairs are overhung by the rich foliage of the surrounding trees; also to "La Fontana dei Draghi, Villa d'Este," in which the falling water contrasts prettily with the leafy background; and to the "Procession of Corpus Christi, Assisi," which has much freshness of treatment and plenty of colour in the vestments of the priests. Appreciation is also due to several representations of the kaleidoscopic fruit-stalls that form so conspicuous a feature of Italian markets. There are some successful records of English pastoral scenes, among which that of "The Old Church at Witley" is executed with much sympathy and finish.

The Illustration of the Proclamation of the King in Dublin, given in last week's *Sketch*, was from a photograph courteously sent us by Messrs. Chancellor and Son, the well-known Dublin photographers. We regret that, through an inadvertence, Messrs. Chancellor's name was not mentioned below the photograph.

One of the most brilliant young men of the day is Hugo Ames, one of a tall family, for his brother, "Ozzy," is the tallest officer of the King's Army, and Hugo runs him close. Hugo Ames, designed for diplomacy, has literary tastes. That is why he started the *Dwarf*, a clever little paper, and that is why he has brought out a distinctly original novel, called "The Tragedy of a Pedigree." This is not the column for reviewing books, but I venture to say that such easy yet epigrammatic talk as is to be found in this book is not often met with. It is witty and delightful, and the characters seem to be drawn from life with a master-pen. But, as Mr. Ames is a modest man, he will probably deny the impeachment. He will shortly go a-lecturing on the "Story of the Queen's Life." He ought to draw great audiences, for he is a tactful and charming speaker.

The hazard of an old letter sold by an autograph-dealer reveals a fact concerning Madame de Stael which the great writer was able to keep concealed all her life, and which nobody has known till now, namely, that she dyed her hair. Everyone, even her adorers, believed that her hair was black, and nobody knows how many sonnets have been written to her raven locks. It was an error. Madame de Stael's hair was red, a beautiful Venetian red! It appears that red hair, so much admired to-day, was at the beginning of the century held in horror. There appears no doubt of the fact. "It is to be remarked," says this letter, which is from a certain Baron Capelle to the Chief of Police of the day, "relative to Madame de Stael, who passes for having black hair because she has always coloured it, that it is naturally red, and it would be easy for her thus to make of it a disguise."



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*Gleams of Royal Sunshine.*

The admiration and affection which we all entertain for our new Sovereign must surely be further heightened by his action this week. That His Majesty should open Parliament in person on Thursday was scarcely to be expected, when it is remembered what a terrible time of trial and stress he has just gone through. This gracious and considerate act is accepted as a further proof of his Kingly regard for the feelings and even material welfare of others. For, as all the world knows, Royal pageants are good for trade; and the mere fact that Edward VII. will drive to the Palace of Westminster in the Royal State-chariot will in itself brighten up and dissipate the gloom of London Town at this mournful period as nothing else could have done.

*Queen Alexandra and To-morrow's Function.*

The hearty greeting accorded the King and Queen on their first appearance in London together since the Royal Funeral heralded the welcome they will be sure to receive on their way to St. Stephen's. Fortunately, the rumour that Her Majesty would not attend has proved to be baseless. Many Peeresses intend to be present, all, of course, clothed in the deepest mourning. Her Majesty has often illumined the House of Lords with her presence. One memorable occasion was when Queen Victoria first opened Parliament after the death of the Prince Consort. The then Princess of Wales's exceeding loveliness and her sympathetic bearing towards the widowed Sovereign aroused mingled admiration and respect among those who had the good-fortune to be present. Moreover, it was the custom of the Princess to attend every great debate in the Lords, and to listen attentively to the speeches from her favourite place in the centre of the balcony to the left of the Throne.

*A New Royal Grand Master.*

It is now quite beyond doubt that King Edward, following the example of his great-uncle, will, while retaining his keen interest in the ancient Craft, abandon his position as Grand Master of British Freemasons. The regret among Freemasons at this almost unavoidable step is naturally very great indeed. His Majesty only last year celebrated his Silver Jubilee as Most Worshipful Grand Master, for it was in 1875 that the then Prince of Wales succeeded Lord Ripon, on the latter joining the Roman Catholic Church. It is pretty certain that the Sovereign's brother, the Duke of Connaught, will succeed him as Grand Master. His Royal Highness has long been an ardent Freemason, and his appointment could only bring fresh lustre to the position which has been held in turn by so many eminent Royal personages.

*The Royal Convalescent.*

The sympathy of the nation, and, indeed, of the whole Empire, must go out to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, who, owing to the unfortunate illness of the Duke, were unable to take part or to see the marvellous funeral pageant of the late Monarch. It is strange how very rarely bodily illness interferes with Royal plans, and it is to be hoped that the new Heir-Apparent will shortly be restored to his usual good health. The Duke caught the annoying malady of German measles from his children. He was able to take walking exercise at Osborne on Thursday.

*The Modern Paladin.*

The progress of the German Emperor through London on Feb. 5 also brought a gleam of sunshine athwart the gloom of last week. His Imperial Majesty was very much gratified at the warm and, indeed, enthusiastic ovation received by him from the good citizens of London. The Emperor's sad tasks were by no means over, for he proceeded straight from London to Cronberg, where the Empress Frederick—who is, according to those about her, miraculously better—received from her eldest son a full account of the fortnight which has already become part of English history.

*The Queen and the Centenarian.*

Nothing more endeared our late Sovereign Queen Victoria to the heart of the people than her sympathy and condescension, shown even in little things. I am glad to note that Queen Alexandra is following in her footsteps. Miss Mary Stewart of Gobshealach, Ardnamurchan, who has just reached the great age of 109 years, was the recipient the other day from Her Majesty Queen Alexandra of a basket of sweets and a quantity of tea, accompanied by a sympathetic letter dated from Sandringham. This is certainly an auspicious beginning.

*The Horses of Royalty.*

Apropos of the incident which has been wisely described as a happy mishap, and which led to our late beloved Sovereign being drawn up her own Castle Hill by bluejackets instead of the team of fine bays provided for the occasion, some surprise was expressed that a team of the famous cream-coloured ponies was not taken to Windsor. As an actual fact, the historic ponies—which are, by the way, well-grown horses—are thought to be of very uncertain nature and temper, notwithstanding the fact that they generally behave extremely well, and nothing could have been more seemly than their conduct during the procession through London. The incident which occurred at Windsor Station recalls several historic pageants where the horses turned restive from want of exercise. On one occasion, when George IV. was going to open Parliament, his State-carriage was almost overturned owing to the prancing and jibbing of the eight steeds.

*Marlborough House.*

Queen Alexandra is, I understand, very reluctant to leave Marlborough House, which has been her happy London home for so many years, and, inasmuch as there are necessarily many alterations to be made at Buckingham Palace before the King can occupy the mansion, notably in the distribution of apartments, it will be some months before the change from Pall Mall to St. James's Park can be effected. It is, I believe, the wish of the King that the suite of rooms allotted to the Empress Frederick should still be reserved for Her Imperial Majesty, and, with her sanction, also, for the use of her son, the Kaiser, who has made himself so well loved in Great Britain. Marlborough House will probably be occupied by the Duke of Cornwall and York, but it is not really so comfortable a residence as Clarence House. The personal belongings of the King and Queen have greatly beautified its incongruous architectural plan, but, as it was once aptly described, "it is a house in a back alley attached to a German Chapel."

*Letters and Telegrams of Condolence at Marlborough House.*

The number of private letters of condolence received at Marlborough House on the day after the death of Queen Victoria exceeded four thousand, but the telegrams more than doubled this amount, reaching the extraordinary figure of 9600 messages. These messages, be it remembered, were not from public officials or Corporations, but from private persons of all degrees. Sir Francis Knollys, that "good right hand of the Prince," sat up nearly all the night in going through the correspondence. Of course, he had assistants; but it speaks well for his energy and determination that at such a sad time he should have been able to cope with this avalanche of missives, the while having necessarily to deal with other matters. We should all be glad to see Sir Francis Knollys restored by favour of the King to that Earldom which undoubtedly is the right of his family.

*Queen Adelaide's Death.*

With all due respect to one of the most amusing of Press raconteurs, and his recollection of the funeral of Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV., I take leave to state that Her Majesty did not die at Malta, but at Bentley Priory, near Stanmore, in the county of Middlesex. The mansion formerly belonged to the Abercorn family, but of recent years, after



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND, MARRIED ON FEB. 7 TO DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

Photo by Kameke, The Hague.



being turned into a hotel, has now become the residence of one of the famous Gordon syndicate. It is forgotten nowadays that Queen Victoria's Coronation was postponed for some time after her uncle's death because it was rumoured that Queen Adelaide was *enceinte*. Almost an exact parallel is afforded by the present King of Spain. His sister was hailed as Sovereign after the death of the unlucky Alfonso until he made his appearance. It is also forgotten that Queen Adelaide had one daughter, who died soon after birth. The Duke of Clarence did not marry till late in life.

*Her late Majesty's Last Honour.* Lord Esher, who had the mournful distinction of receiving the last honour conferred by Queen Victoria, is one of the most popular personalities in general society, and he is also very well known in the Royal Borough, his own and Lady Esher's charming place, Orchard Lea, being within a short drive of Windsor, and having been more than once honoured by visits from the late Sovereign. As Mr. Reginald B. Brett, Lord Esher was in constant communication with various members of the Royal Family, his connection with Royalty having been naturally made much closer by his marriage, just twenty-one years ago, to Miss Eleanor Van de Weyer, daughter of the late Belgian Minister at the Court of St. James, one of the late Queen and Prince Albert's most trusted

the case—the German Emperor exclaimed, “Had that Kruger ventured to Berlin, he would have been received by a detachment of my infantry with loaded rifles.” This, no doubt, refers to the fact that Mr. Kruger was warned by the German Ambassador when in Paris not to cross the frontier; and yet dared, under the malevolent auspices of Dr. Leyds, to take up his quarters at Cologne, whence, as we all know, he had to decamp to Holland. My informant tells me that the very name of Kruger is as the proverbial red rag to the proverbial bull to William-II., and that the acceptance by him of the bâton of a British Field-Marshal was the token that his sympathy and his influence would be on the side of Great Britain in South Africa. He is also reported to have said, “England and I hold the peace of the world, Army and Navy combined.” Certainly the saying is true.

*Queen Victoria's Own Regiments.* It was a curious coincidence that the only three regiments of Cavalry of the Line now serving at home and which supplied squadrons for Her late Majesty's Funeral Procession should have been all “Queen's” Regiments, though only one, and that the junior corps, received its title from Queen Victoria. The 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays) were honoured after the rebellion of 1715 by the title of “The Princess of Wales's Own Royal Regiment,” altered to the “Queen's Own” on the



Photo by Bleber, Berlin.]



QUEEN WILHELMINA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS, WHO WERE MARRIED IN THE GREAT CHURCH OF THE HAGUE ON FEB. 7.

friends. Not long before he succeeded his father, the late Master of the Rolls, Lord Esher wrote a volume on the Queen's Prime Ministers, in which he had the invaluable assistance of Her late Majesty. His appointment to be a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order was gazetted only on the night of the Sovereign's death.

*The Kaiser's Ring.* In the personality of the Kaiser there is a strain of superstition. Military precisian and disciplinarian as he is, he is at the same time a believer in omens and in certain talismanic virtues. On the middle finger of his left hand the German Emperor always wears a large ring—a square, dark-coloured stone set in massive gold. The ring is an heirloom in the Hohenzollern family, dating from the time when the ancestors of the Kaiser—the Margraves of Nuremberg—followed their leaders to the capture of the Holy City from the Moslems. The ring came into the Margrave Ulrich's possession after a hard-fought battle under the walls of Jerusalem. It belonged to one of Saladin's successors, and, in some unexplained way, came to be owned by the German Knight. The ring is a prized possession of the Kaiser, who regards the relic with a greater interest than that which pertains to its mere monetary value.

*The Kaiser and Kruger.* I am told, “under all reserves,” but on an authority which I cannot disregard, that the Kaiser expressed himself very resolutely on the subject of ex-President Kruger. If my informant be correct—and I cannot doubt that such is

accession of George II. and his Consort, and in 1767 to “Queen's Bays.” The 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars also, strangely enough, received the title of “The Princess of Wales's Own Royal” at the same time and for a similar reason, and became the “Queen's Own” on the same occasion as did the “Bays,” namely, the accession of the then Prince and Princess of Wales to the Throne. The 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers, as everybody knows, got their distinctive title after their heroic charge at Omdurman, their maiden battle.

The only other Regular regiments of the many “Queen's” which derived their title from Queen Victoria are the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders and the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the latter being especially favoured, for Her late Majesty presented the 2nd Battalion of the regiment with new colours no less than three times, and it may be remembered that on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee the regiment went from London to Windsor to act as a Guard of Honour on Her Majesty's return to the Royal Borough. In 1866 the 89th Foot received the title of “The Princess Victoria's Regiment,” with her coronet and monogram as a badge, in commemoration of Her Majesty having twice bestowed colours on the regiment (to be followed only a few years ago by a like honour), and on being linked with the old 87th (Royal Irish) Fusiliers the two battalions became “Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers.” The regiment is the only corps of Fusiliers which wears two collar-badges, namely, Princess Victoria's Coronet and the Grenade. Both battalions are now serving in South Africa.



*The Queen-Bride.* Many pretty stories are being told concerning the youthful Queen-bride of the Netherlands, whose wedding festivities would have been so much more brilliant but for the fact that every European Court, with scarce an exception, is now mourning the august lady who was styled some time ago by a German newspaper "The Grandmother of Europe." "Wilful Wilhelmina," as the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is said to have nicknamed his Queen-Cousin, has evidently inherited some of the more marked and distinguishing traits of the House of Orange. The story goes that, before making a final choice among her many suitors, Her Dutch Majesty made it informally known that only those Princes would be eligible who knew something of Dutch. Duke Henrik, perhaps because he was secretly aware that he stood a better chance than most, set himself to work with great perseverance. It was well that he did so, for, on the occasion of their next meeting, the Queen significantly asked him whether he had made any progress in her native language. "I am working so hard at Dutch," he answered gravely, "that every spare moment is so spent. Here is a proof of it." And, pulling a small exercise-book out of an inner pocket of his military cloak, he presented the unsuspecting maiden Queen with a page open at the words, legibly written in the Dutch language, "I love, I love, I love." If this story be true, and not *ben-trovato*, it would go to show that the new Prince Consort of the Netherlands is not without a certain shrewd wit of his own.

Queen Wilhelmina even as a child suffered greatly from a feeling of depressing loneliness. It is said that she used to threaten her dolls with the terrible punishment of never having anyone to play with, and there can be no doubt that the girl Sovereign will be far happier now that she will have a constant companion. Fortunately for the Queen, Duke Henrik is as devoted to every form of outdoor life and sport as is the bride. Already Queen Wilhelmina shows as great a liking for open air as did our own venerable Sovereign, and probably no Royal betrothed couple ever showed themselves more freely in public than did the Dutch Monarch and her *fiancé*. The Queen's great feminine taste—and one which much endears her to her Dutch subjects—is an enthusiastic love of gardening, even her favourite story, so it is said, being Dumas' romance, "The Black Tulip."

#### *The Royal Honeymoon.*

The Palace where the Queen and Duke Henrik are spending their honeymoon is the historic Het Loo, which is close to the picturesque village of Appeldoorn. How strange it is to think that the Dutch Sovereign and her Consort owe this most delightful residence to our own William of Orange, who built the Palace as a hunting-box some time before his marriage with the then Duke of York's daughter! It was at The Loo that Queen Wilhelmina spent much of her early childhood, and it is her favourite home. The splendid rooms are one and all full of treasures, many of them, it may be whispered, embellished with the English Arms standing out in bold relief. In the days of the late King, the Royal study, which has just been arranged for the occupation of Duke Henrik, was said to resemble the shop of a gunsmith; there was scarcely a square inch of the walls that was not studded with weapons, for King William was very proud of his wonderful collection of arms.

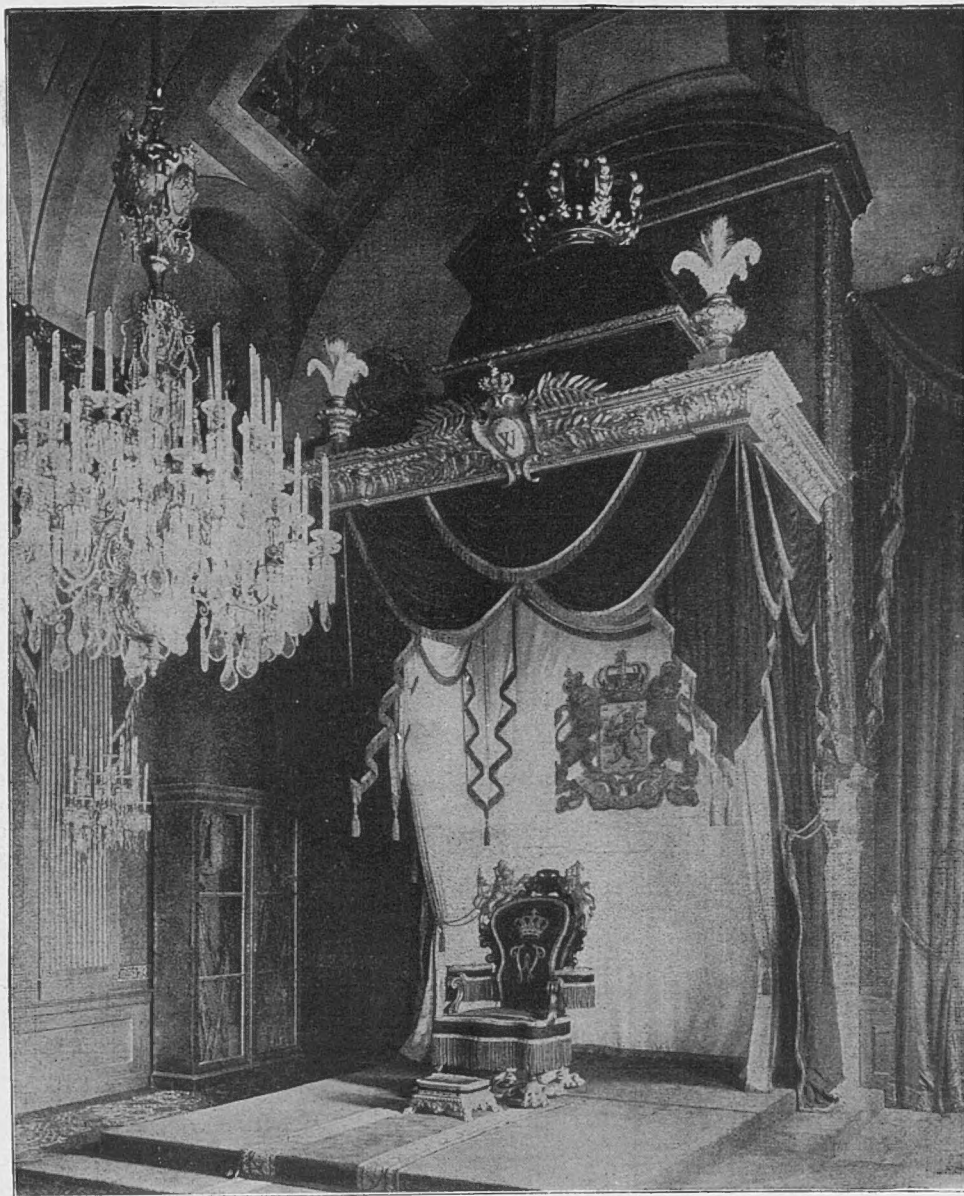
*The Hague Palace.* The Hague Palace, whence the Royal wedding procession started, is a fine group of buildings, but the rooms have a somewhat empty and formal air, and there is no doubt that the Royal bride and bridegroom will not spend very much of their time there, the more so that Holland, notwithstanding its comparatively small size, is wonderfully rich in Palaces.

#### *African Native Regiments.*

Let atrabilious critics say what they may, it is incontrovertible that the British officer possesses, besides personal bravery of the highest description, the faculty in an eminent degree of organising and inspiring with his own spirit thoroughly workmanlike regiments out of apparently the most unpromising material. Colonel Sir James Willcocks fully corroborates the telegrams sent home as to the gallantry of the newly raised East and West African regiments. The foe they had to face was a vastly different one from that of former Ashanti Expeditions. Always brave, the Ashantis on this occasion had profited by former experiences, and were well provided with rifles and ammunition. Sir James himself says of our new troops:

"Their discipline was perfect. Whatever they were told to do . . . they did it without the slightest hesitation. . . . I would not wish for better troops in any campaign. They shed their blood freely and willingly for the Empire. England does not know what splendid soldiers she has in her African native troops." This is high praise not alone of the natives themselves, but also of those British officers who, in less than three years, organised and converted into disciplined and splendid regiments that material which not so long ago was asserted by certain pessimists to be utterly unfit for the purpose.

It is not often that a Chief of Constabulary becomes a Brigadier-General; but Lord Kitchener's selection of the Head of the Natal Police for that position is thoroughly well deserved. When the Boers invaded Natal, that excellent Police Officer was at "the Front" with a detachment of his corps, and it was due to his personal guidance that General Yule was enabled to evacuate Dundee, elude the Boers, and join Sir George White at Ladysmith. Forty-four years ago, the then Captain John Dartnell, as an officer in the



THE THRONE-ROOM IN THE PALACE OF THE HAGUE, WHERE THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT OF HOLLAND RECEIVED CONGRATULATIONS AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

86th (Royal County Down) Regiment—now the 2nd Irish Rifles—"stood alone on the ramparts of Jhansi fighting for his life, the leader of the only successful attempt to scale the walls of that formidable fortress." His followers had all been killed or hurled from the wall, and he himself was desperately wounded; indeed, all seemed over, but his men, inspired by his example, swarmed up the ladder to his aid, and the day was won. For this gallant act he was promoted Major, but some ten years later he left the Service and went to South Africa, and there made the Natal Police a pattern corps. Now, "Handsome Jack," though no longer young, is still full of fight, and those who know him best predict great things of him in his new command.

Mr. Stephen Phillips's play, "Herod," is meeting with great success in the United States, where nearly twenty thousand copies have already been sold.

Sir John R. Robinson will contribute some reminiscences to the Life of William Black which Sir Wemyss Reid has nearly completed.



*St. Valentine's Week.*

Never has St. Valentine been more splendidly fêted than during his first week in the New Century. Actually within the octave, to use an old ecclesiastical term, occurred the Dutch Royal marriage, and between last Monday and next Saturday not only is there another Royal wedding of great importance—that of the Princess of the Asturias and Prince Charles of Bourbon—but the Duke of Westminster leads Miss Shelah West to the altar, a matrimonial event of considerable interest and

after a connection with that paper which began as far back as 1854, might be seen at certain hours every day proceeding to or coming from the office in Bouverie Street. With a journalistic experience embracing the latter half of the nineteenth century, Sir John Robinson well merits relief from his arduous and successful post. In his early career on the Press, Sir John acted for a time as Sub-Editor of a publication known as *Douglas Jerrold's Paper*, and was Editor of the *Express* evening paper. Everybody knows that it was at his instigation Archibald Forbes became a War-Correspondent, and of the fame and fortune the thrilling letters of Forbes's virile pen during the Franco-German War brought the *Daily News*. Many men who have made a name in the world of letters have, at one time or another, been colleagues of Sir John Robinson on the *News*, notably William Black, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Sir Wemyss Reid. Though missed from his old haunts in Fleet Street, I sincerely trust it will be long before Sir John's presence at the Reform Club becomes a memory.

*Mr. Alexander Paul.*

The retirement from the *Daily News* of Sir John Robinson and Mr. E. T. Cook, M.A., was quickly followed by that of Mr. Alexander Paul, who has acted as Assistant-Editor of the *News* during the last seven years. Mr. Alexander Paul, whose connection with the *Daily News* dates from the 'seventies, is not to be confounded with Mr. Herbert Paul, the well-known leader-writer on the *D.N.*, and the Liberal representative of South Edinburgh from 1892 till 1895. He is, however, widely and favourably known to politicians as well as journalists, and it is a noteworthy circumstance that, while Mr. Alexander Paul, who began his journalistic career on Sir John Leng's *People's Journal* many years ago, shared Mr. Cook's views of the South African War, from which Sir John Robinson differed, the relationship of Manager, Editor, and Assistant-Editor was one of unbroken cordiality.

*The New Postage-Stamps.*

I learn that the Post Office authorities are very busily employed in forwarding the issue of the stamps bearing the likeness of King Edward VII. These labels will not, however, greatly differ, at present, from those used in the latter days of the reign of our good lost Queen. But there have been conferences on the subject. The great point to be maintained is the colour of each stamp, for the hue rather than the value appeals to the clerks, especially those occupied in transacting the business of the International Postal Union. Quite recently, ordinary English stamps bearing the Queen's head—I do not refer to old issues—were to be bought at a farthing a thousand. Since the Queen's death they have doubled in value. All Colonial stamps have increased in the philatelic quotations, and the rarest imprints, such as old Mauritius, Trinidad, and Straits Settlements, are above the usual demand for curiosities. Therefore, let my readers look up old envelopes. I know a man who recently found a bundle of Mulready's in the desk of his aunt.

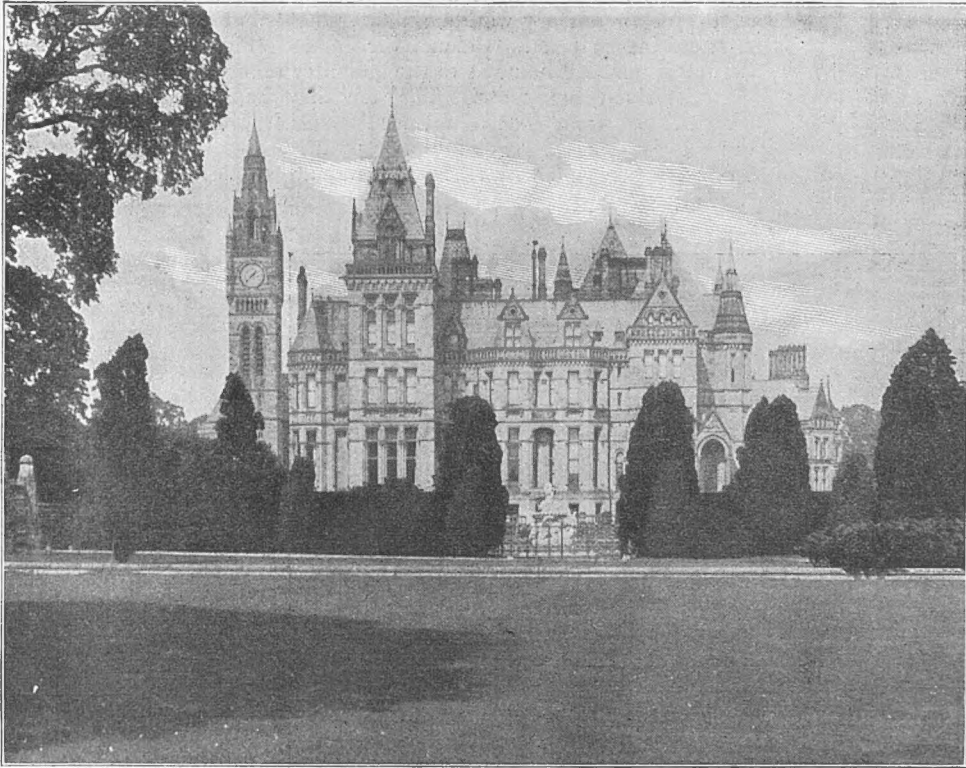
*The Wealthiest Englishman Living?*

It has been asserted that the Duke of Westminster is the wealthiest Englishman living. The fact was positively denied by the present Peer's grandfather, of whom, of course, the same statement was frequently made. There is, however, no doubt that, should His Grace live till the New Century leases on his London estate fall in, he will have to acknowledge the truth of what gossips have so long declared to be fact. The Duke and his young Duchess are, it is said, to begin their married life by spending a quiet year at Eaton Hall, the historic seat near Chester where so many notable gatherings have taken place, and where the head of the House of Grosvenor is "over lord" of everything far and near. Eaton Hall is a treasure-house of rare and beautiful things, but the late Duke and his second Duchess never cared to occupy the more stately suite of living-rooms save when entertaining on a large scale. As a rule, they lived in a small set of *petits appartements* curiously reminiscent of those tiny suites of rooms which are found tucked away in corners of Royal French Palaces. It will be interesting to see if the young Duke and his bride follow in this matter in the first Duke's footsteps.

*The New Duchess.* Miss Cornwallis-West, as she must now be called for the last time, will be a notable addition to the fair wearers of the strawberry-leaves. She is of mixed birth—English and Irish parentage, a delightful combination—and she is as pretty as she is clever. Accustomed from her childhood to be the centre of a hospitable household, the new mistress of Grosvenor House should make an admirable hostess, and her love of country life and country pursuits should stand her in good stead in Cheshire, where she is already well known owing to her constant long visits to her venerable grandmother, Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick.

*Sir John Robinson's Retirement.*

There are not a few habitués of Fleet Street who miss the familiar figure of Sir John Robinson from that crowded highway of letters; for Sir John, who retired the other day from the managership of the *Daily News*,



EATON HALL, ONE OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S PALATIAL RESIDENCES.



THE GRAND SALOON OF EATON HALL.

From Photographs by G. Walmough Webster, Chester.



*A Scottish  
Memorial to  
Queen Victoria.*

Melbourne proposes to do something by way of a memorial to our late Queen; Lord Curzon has proposed in Calcutta that something should also be done in India; and, nearer home, Lord Rosebery has suggested that, when Scotland makes up its mind as to some memorial, the restoration of Linlithgow Palace should receive consideration. He points out that it was the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots, is hallowed by many great traditions, and is in a state of such perfection that its restoration would not be difficult. In its present roofless state it is anything but a credit to the nation. The buildings and park round Linlithgow Loch extend to fifteen acres and a-half, and since 1848 have been cared for by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. The consent of the King would be required before anything could be done.

Lord Rosebery has no idea of making the place a Royal residence, but there are other public purposes to which it could be devoted. So accomplished and experienced an architect as Mr. Alexander Macnaughtan, of Edinburgh, could easily suggest the most expedient transformations, and also the most economical. Some of the large apartments and the domestic chapels would lend themselves to restoration. A few years ago, it was suggested that the buildings be repaired and turned into a County Court House; another suggestion was that it might be made a supplementary Register House for the preservation of public documents. James V., who was born here, did much to give the Palace its present form, although it dates from 1424.

earnestly urge all my readers who can to support it either by sending donations to or by procuring tickets from Miss Levy, 4, Randolph Gardens, Maida Vale, N.W. Among the accomplished artists who have generously offered their services for this Café Chantant are Miss Janet Duff, Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, Miss Annie Hughes, Mr. Acton Bond, Mr. Templar Saxe, and Miss Fanny Wentworth, whose talents sufficiently guarantee the attractive nature of the concert.

*Welcome to General  
Talbot Coke.*

The inhabitants of Mansfield and Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts, turned out in their hundreds on Wednesday last to welcome the return of Major-General Talbot Coke from South Africa. The gallant General was in command of the 10th Brigade, under General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C. The public reception was kept as quiet as possible, owing to the national mourning. The Mayor and Corporation met General Talbot Coke at the station, and addresses of welcome were presented at the Town Hall, Mansfield, and the Schools at Mansfield Woodhouse. The entire route to the General's seat, Debdale Hall, was lined with people, the Talbot Cokes being very popular and much respected in the district.

*Captain Stephen  
Wombwell.*

Everyone must sympathise (writes "One Who Knew Him") with Sir George Wombwell at the bitter loss of his son, Captain Stephen Wombwell, in South Africa. Stephen Wombwell was essentially a brave man—that is to say, he never bragged, but always did. Like all young men, he had grave temptations, but he always fought them as zealously as he



THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER WITH LORD BELGRAVE (NOW THE DUKE) AND THE LADIES GROSVENOR, HIS PRESENT GRACE'S SISTERS, IN THE GROUNDS OF EATON HALL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. WATMOUGH WEBSTER, CHESTER.

Mary of Guise said she had never seen a more princely place; while Sir Walter Scott makes one of his characters utter the sentiment that, of all the "palaces so fair" built for a Royal dwelling, Linlithgow excels them all. The housekeeper during the 1745 was a staunch Jacobite, and welcomed Prince Charlie here; but Hawley's Dragoons, on their flight from the Battle of Falkirk, either on purpose or through carelessness, set the Palace on fire and ruined it in 1746. After that it ceased to be habitable.

*The Royal  
Etchings.*

By courteous permission of Mr. R. Fuller Maitland, *The Sketch* of last week was enabled to print two etchings by our late Queen. Mr. Henry Ellis-Heyman writes to say the letters in reference thereto from Her Majesty's Private Secretary were written to him, and that he put the etchings on the market only after receiving the Queen's gracious permission.

*Good for Weak  
Eyes.*

A delightful entertainment for a most beneficent object is promised this (Wednesday) evening at the Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. A branch of science which afforded great relief to our late Queen in the last years of her reign, and which myriads in every walk of life have good reason to bless, surely deserves the heartiest public support. Immeasurable is the relief given by such grand charitable institutions as the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, which was founded in 1816 by the late Mr. G. J. Guthrie, an eminent Army surgeon who had witnessed the sad ravages caused in Egypt and in Asia Minor by ophthalmia. This invaluable hospital is now situated in King William Street, Strand, and to add to its funds, and thereby enlarge its sphere of influence, the aforesaid Café Chantant is to be held. Knowing what a boon this Ophthalmic Hospital is to suffering humanity, I would

opposed the Boers. He did his best for the best, and many an aching heart will beat in unison with that of the gallant father of a gallant son. The motto of the Wombwells, "In Well Beware," is curiously inauspicious, and it is also remarkable that the family estate of Wombwell, after having been alienated by an heiress, was bought back by the first Baronet, Sir George, Chairman of the East India Company, in 1775. The present Sir George has now lost his two sons. But one of the "Balaclava Boys" will still bear up, if I mistake not.

*Mr. A. Thorburn's  
Birds.*

Most people are familiar with Mr. A. Thorburn's pictures of wild life, especially game-birds, in black-and-white, and many will welcome the opportunity to see how he deals with these subjects in colours. This opportunity is afforded by Mr. A. Baird-Carter, who now shows a collection of Mr. Thorburn's water-colours at 61, Jermyn Street. Here we see a realisation of that most magnificent of British birds, the "Golden Eagle." Those who have been fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of him flashing through the sunlight will understand his title. In shadow he is brown, but Mr. Thorburn happily represents him with a gleam of golden sunlight on his head. The fine picture, "The Eagle's Stronghold," exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, is also in the Gallery. Mr. Thorburn is as much a naturalist as an artist, and, consequently, the visitor may be certain that all the details of plumage in these pictures are correctly studied. "Mallards and Teal," a winter scene, is an admirable composition. "Spring" is suggested by the fine plumage of a cock-pheasant. In "Blackcocks Fighting" we have a remarkable representation of these handsome birds at war. "Autumn" is charmingly suggested by the tender greys and sheen of the wood-pigeons in contrast with the brown foliage.



### The Rutland Horse-shoe Wreath.

One of the most interesting wreaths sent to Windsor on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Funeral was subscribed for by the inhabitants of the County of Rutland. It was a replica of the shoe given by Her late Majesty in 1835, when she passed through Oakham, as Princess Victoria, on her way to Chatsworth, in accordance with the old custom



A TRIBUTE TO QUEEN VICTORIA FROM THE COUNTY OF RUTLAND.

that every Royal personage or Peer of the Realm passing through the town must give a horseshoe to the Lord of the Manor. The present holder of that position is Mr. G. H. Finch, M.P., the owner of the Castle. This custom dates from before the time of Queen Elizabeth, whose shoe is also in the Castle, as well as those of the Duke of York, 1778; the Prince Regent (George IV.), 1814; the Duchess of Kent, 1835; the Duke of Cambridge, 1845; the Duchess of Teck, 1873; the Princess of Wales, our present Queen Alexandra, 1881; His present Majesty Edward VII. when Prince of Wales, 1895; the Duke of Connaught, 1895; with

130 Peers' shoes. The wreath, six feet high, was composed of white orchids and lilies-of-the-valley on a background of laurel and ivy-leaves, the crown being of Parma violets and white primula. A satin bow with streamers bore the following inscription: "In memory of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria: a token of loyalty and deep regret from the inhabitants of the County of Rutland. This horseshoe is a facsimile of the one in Oakham Castle given by Her Majesty the Queen in 1835, when Princess Victoria, two years before her accession to the Throne." The wreath was conveyed to Windsor and placed in the Chapel cloisters by Mr. John E. Whitehouse, the custodian of the Castle.

*Berlin Memorial Service.* The day of the Queen's Funeral (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in the Prussian capital) was observed by the British Embassy and by the British residents in Berlin in a way best befitting the occasion. A memorial service was held in the beautiful Chapel of St. George's, in the building of which both the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the present King of England were most deeply interested. There being but room for some four hundred people in the church, two services were necessary. The first was more of an official character, being attended by only the Embassy, the members of the Royal House, the Ambassadors of every nation represented at Berlin, and by one or two of the greater celebrities. In the Royal pew I noticed Princess Henry of Prussia, Princess Frederick Leopold, Prince Oscar, Prince August, and several Ladies-in-Waiting. Behind the British Embassy representatives, among whom were Lord and Lady Gough, Miss Lascelles, Mrs. Harford, and Mr. and Mrs. Castrell, sat the German Chancellor, Count Bülow, and interspersed amidst the brilliant uniforms of Ambassadors and Attachés various Generals and Admirals. The celebrated painter, Adolf von Menzel, was also present. He seemed to be looking round him in the most eager and business-like manner, as if he intended painting the scene before him on canvas at a future date. The second service was attended by the English community. Every seat was filled, and there was even no standing-room left at the commencement of the service. The Chaplain, the Rev. J. H. Fry, M.A., gave a most eloquent and impressive address at the second service, which had a visible effect on many of the congregation.

*The German Empress.* The German Empress, who had originally signified her intention of attending the service at St. George's, in Berlin, changed her mind and was present at the English Service at Homburg. With Her Majesty were the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, the Crown Princess of Greece, and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse. In the afternoon the Empress paid a two hours' visit to the Empress Frederick.

*Portrait of the Crown Prince.* The German Emperor has expressed to Herr. William Pape, the portrait-painter, his desire that a picture should be painted representing the investiture of the Crown Prince with the high Order of the Black Eagle. I understand that the picture

will portray the Crown Prince kneeling before the Kaiser as the latter hangs round his son's neck the chain of the Order.

### The Queen and the Empress Eugénie.

The touching sorrow of the Empress Eugénie for our dead Queen (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) sends the mind a half-century back. Their long friendship began in August 1855, in the midst of the first World's Fair at Paris. It was then that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert paid their visit to the Emperor and the Empress of the French at the Tuileries. The French papers of the day relate very gallantly how the climate smiled and the sky grew bluer to do honour to the Royal strangers, and the ten days' fêtes, the splendours of Versailles and St. Cloud, and the street manifestations assumed lyric proportions. A triumphal arch raised over the Boulevard des Italiens bore on one side the letters "N. E." (Napoleon, Eugénie), and on the other "V. A." (Victoria, Albert), and the journals remarked that the two inscriptions united formed the word "Neva." Was it prophetic? At the Opera, between an act of "William Tell" and one of Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," which was new that year, there was a ballet danced by Rosati, and at the end the artists all sang "God Save the Queen," to which Her Majesty listened standing. It was in such a blaze of glory that the Queen and the Empress began that friendship whose last word was spoken by Eugénie on a funeral wreath, "Souvenirs d'un long passé affectueux: l'amie désolée et dévouée."

### He Followed the English Fashion.

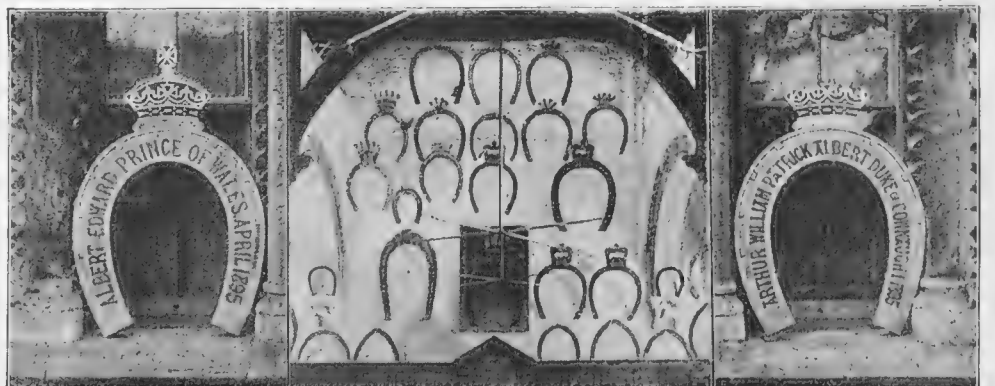
They tell one or two amusing anecdotes of this Royal visit to Paris. When the Queen visited the Hôtel de Ville, the City Architect charged to arrange the apartments for her reception acquitted himself so well that he dared to ask the Prefect, as a recompense, to present him to the Queen. "Willingly, my dear Architect," replied the Prefect; "but permit me a little observation. You have a very beautiful beard, and I understand that you value it; but you must know that in England the fashion has entirely gone by. I advise you, then, from motives of propriety, to get yourself shaved." Delighted at the favour accorded, the Architect sacrificed his precious beard, which dated from 1830, and, thus shaved, he placed himself in the front row on the passage of the Queen, who advanced on the arm of the Prefect, and braced himself up for the presentation. Vain hope! The Prefect looked at him coldly and passed on. Nearly distracted by this seeming disgrace, the poor man, as soon as the Queen had gone, rushed to the Prefect's office to ask for an explanation. Again the official regarded him coldly, until he began to speak. "What!" exclaimed the Prefect. "Is that you, my dear M. B.? Your mother would not know you, and I propose that you put on a card, saying, 'This is M. B., who has sacrificed his beard to the Queen.'"

### Threatened with Embraces.

At Boulogne, where the Queen embarked, an immense number of women crowded the quays to see Her Majesty, and, in their struggle to get to the front, they broke the line of troops in several places, greatly to the embarrassment of the soldiers, who did not like to cross bayonets against women. They consulted the General. This official reflected an instant, and then cried in a loud voice, "Let the drums beat, and, when they have ceased, if the ladies have not retired behind the ranks, you will embrace them all." On hearing this order, the ladies fled. The Paris *Figaro* of that day, which relates the story, adds, "The ladies were English; if they had been French, they would have stayed all the same."

### Effect of English Mourning on French Trade.

After the first call for black is supplied, which has drawn largely on the French factories, the mourning in England is likely to depress trade in France. Every Drawing-Room alone throws into France some 150,000 francs, or about half the expense of the toilettes; when, therefore, there is no Drawing-Room, there is a loss. When the Duke of Albany died, the dressmaker Worth made this statement before a Parliamentary Commission: "The death of the Duke of Albany, in point of view of our trade with England, means a loss to Paris of fifteen millions, and I am certain that in saying this I am well inside the truth; exportation will suffer because of this event a sensible diminution."



ROYAL AND PEERS' HORSESHOES AT THE CASTLE, OAKHAM, RUTLAND.

Photo by Mr. G. Phillips, Oakham.



English Society gives us a great many orders, but these orders will all be stopped because of the mourning of the Queen. I repeat, this mourning of three weeks will occasion to Paris a loss of fifteen millions, and, in what concerns me, it is a diminution of 200,000 francs of



HAMPTON COURT PALACE: FOUNTAIN COURT, UPON WHICH THE APARTMENTS OFFERED TO MRS. CREIGHTON LOOK.

business. The orders will not come, and the season is ruined." [But the considerateness of King Edward will, it is certain, lead to a gradual mitigation of general mourning—purely to reduce such trade losses to a minimum.]

*"The King of Paris."* From the latter days of the Empire until the last decade of the century, when responsibilities fell more heavily on his head, owing to the failing health of the dead Queen, Edward VII. was known in Paris as "the King of the Parisians." He was without exception the most popular member of any reigning family that visited Lutetia, and in the simple ordinary routine of the day's work he was better known to the Lutetians than even to Londoners. He went everywhere, and was known by everyone, was treated with respect and even admiration. Take the King's journey from London to Paris. He rarely entered his cabin, but preferred to mount on the bridge (and inside the rope that divides the space from the Captain's look-out), and it was an amusement to him to watch the twitching of the compass and listen to the Captain's explanations.

*Lunch at Calais.* At Calais the management of the restaurant at the Gare Maritime made it a rule to screen off a table so that the King might eat in comfort his invariable *déjeuner* or dinner, consisting of a plate of clear soup, two poached eggs on toast, a wing or a leg of cold chicken, no cheese, and a good deal of fresh fruit. Coffee he took, but rarely liqueurs.

*The King an Inveterate Newspaper Reader.* His Majesty during these Paris trips was a close student of the journals. He crowded a packet of journals under his arm, and, without counting the change of the ten-franc piece that he invariably tendered, would enter his carriage. It was, it may be remembered, after he had laid in his stock of newspapers at the bookstall at Brussels that Sipido made his attempt on the King's life. Incidentally, I may add that the baggage of His Royal Highness was never, naturally, examined by the Customs authorities, and on more than one occasion this led those who were leaving England for its good to throw down their baggage by the side of that of the King, in the hope that it would be inadvertently "chalked" by the Customs. At the Gare du Nord, he was known by every *Chef de Gare*, and he had that instinct that enabled him never to forget a name, and it was always with a smile and a hearty shake of the hands that he congratulated such or such a *Chef* on the capital run that the "Rapide" had made to Paris.

*Smoked a Pipe.* The King has been accredited with having popularised the cigarette; but, for an early morning and unofficial and no protocole-regulated happiness, he preferred a pipe. When he was not driving in the Bois, he left the Hôtel Bristol on foot, crossed the Gardens of the Tuileries, and wandered and lounged among the book-boxes of the second-hand dealers ranged on the wall of the embankment of the Seine. He would spend hours in searching in the boxes, and frequently come back to the dealer with a book that he had found in the "All at a Penny" box, and for which he would pay five francs, fully appreciating the value, and not anxious to take advantage of ignorance.

*"That Gentleman with the Blue Eyes."* One of the old folk who keep these open-air bookstalls (continues the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) said to me, "Was that gentleman with the blue eyes and the kindly look really the King of England? Every one of us thought that he was eccentric. He was so honest, and all the rest drive such hard bargains."

*The Paris of Sue and Hugo.*

H.R.H. was anxious to study the life of the "pauvres" who (like too many in London) had better never been born, for all the happiness that existence offered them. This was a terrible ordeal for the police, for even unto to-day none but a brigade of police will penetrate the Quartier du Temple. Macé, who was Chef de la Sûreté, accompanied the Prince on the condition that he would so disguise himself that the faintest semblance of suggestion in his attire that he was not the first in his family that had worn boots would be impossible. The Prince agreed, and in the deepest and darkest quarters of Paris he plunged.

*How to Order a Dinner.*

His Majesty has the reputation of being one of the Englishmen who know how to order a dinner, and when, by some indiscretion, the name of the Paris restaurant where he dined became known, all the fashionable world hied there to order the same as the Prince.

*One of Our King's First Royal Acts of Kindness.*

*The Sketch* has the pleasure of giving a small view of Fountain Court, Hampton Court Palace, because His Majesty King Edward has most graciously granted to the widow of the late Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, the apartments overlooking this basin. These rooms were formerly occupied by Lady Georgina Grey, and in the retirement they will afford Mrs. Creighton, when that benevolent lady is well enough to leave Fulham Palace, she will undoubtedly be able to mature those philanthropic plans she is known to have thrown her heart and soul into.

*Mr. Martin Harvey.*

That popular young actor, Mr. Martin Harvey, during his season at the Court Theatre with Mr. Charles Hannan's adaptation of "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," himself appears as the hero; the part of Viera, the little cigarette-maker, being sustained by Miss N. de Silva. Other members of the company are Mr. William Haviland, Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mrs. B. M. De Solla, Miss Greta Hahn, Mr. Charles Lander, and Mr. Frank Vernon. The scene of the first and third Acts, representing the interior of the cigarette-maker's shop in Munich, has been painted by Mr. Walter Hann, and that of the second Act by Mr. Henry Potts. Mr. Hamilton Clarke has written the incidental music, and the orchestra is under the direction of Mr. Norfolk Megone. The 1850 dresses have been designed by Miss Rose Le Queux.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY.

WHO OPENED THE COURT THEATRE WITH A DRAMATIC VERSION OF MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S "CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE" ON MONDAY LAST.

Photo by Blackall, Oxford.

A one-act play, entitled "Sweet Prue," by a new writer, Mr. Claude Dickens, is the "front piece." In this little drama, the plot of which turns upon an incident in the English Civil War, the principal part has been allotted to Miss Amy Coleridge. The theatre has been re-upholstered and re-decorated, and the business-management placed in the experienced hands of Mr. R. V. Shone.





## I TRAVEL THROUGH THE STRAND—AND GET HOT.

**A**H, my dear young lady, here you are at last! I was just wondering whether I ought not to be getting angry with you for keeping me waiting so long. However, as I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing you this century, I will stifle my resentment and help you into a cab.

Since our route Citywards will take us through the Strand, I would point out to you that the mechanical-toy merchants and fragrant-flower sellers are gradually finding their way back to their old pitches. Personally, I am glad of it. They seldom get in one's way, and are always cheerful and polite. There are plenty of objectionable people who ought to be removed from the Strand before the kerb-stone vendors. There is the advertisement-pamphlet terror, for example, who, without the least regard for the state of one's nerves, and with a considerably fiercer air than the villain in the melodrama assumes when he levels a revolver, suddenly thrusts before one's face a wretched little bit of paper that nobody wants and nobody takes. Why, I would ask you, should this inhuman monster be allowed to prowl to and fro in a congested thoroughfare, frightening gentlemen's hats off their heads and ladies' purses out of their hands? Every now and then some terrified street-urchin is weak enough to accept one of the papers, but he invariably throws it away as soon as he has put a safe distance between himself and the destroying distributor.

Then there are those dear, delightful people who come up to London from the country simply to get in one's way. Having done St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the National Gallery before breakfast, they are content to pass the rest of their time in walking very slowly up and down the Strand, to the extreme discomfort and annoyance of any unfortunate individual who happens to be in a reasonable state of hurry. I am not exaggerating in the slightest when I assure you that, on one occasion of exasperating memory, it took me from Wellington Street to the Tivoli to get past a gently meandering farmer and his wife who had run up from Warwickshire to have a look at what they call the "afternoon folks" of London. I trod on the gentleman's heels; he took not the slightest notice. Indeed, I don't suppose he felt

my patent-leathered remonstrance through the inch-thick hoof-casing that he chose to call a boot. I touched the lady politely on the arm; she responded by hastily removing her purse, ticket, handkerchief, bath-bun, and small bottle of milk from the pocket of her dress, and handing them to her stalwart spouse to button up inside his coat. And still, in spite of the fact that I had just three minutes to catch my train at Charing Cross, I was behind them.

We had now got as far as the Hôtel Cecil. "Aha!" said I to myself, "I will escape from these mountains of rusticity at last. They will follow the pavement round. I, with the cunning born of sorrowful experience, will dash along the roadway outside the scaffolding!" And so, my dear young lady, I dashed. In my enthusiasm, however, I overlooked the fact that a hansom-cab was just about to drive into the hotel and that a four-wheeler was in the act of driving out. I will not attempt to describe to you the exact result of my impetuosity. Suffice it to say that the drivers of both cabs were much annoyed with me, that I was considerably nettled with them, that the horse in the hansom had a personal grievance against my hat, and that the policeman on duty at that point was greatly exasperated with all of us. The only participant in the affair who seemed quite unruffled was the horse in the growler, and he, dear old soul, grinned so affably as he took his fore-feet out of my coat-pockets that I had not the heart to give him a slap on the neck for his familiarity.

The incident being terminated, I made my way, with some display of dignity, to the sidewalk. Imagine my disgust when I discovered that the farmer and his wife, the original causes of all the pother, had stopped to see the fun, and were now calmly preparing to perambulate in front of me as before. I gave it up, and might have been walking behind them to this day if they had not stopped to be shocked by the picture of a lady in tights outside the Tivoli.

But these, my dear young lady, are only two kinds of the many people far less sufferable than kerbstone merchants. There are others to whom I, in common with the pavement padders of London Town, have the strongest objection. What about those dear little lads, for instance, who, fired apparently by the example of the notorious Van Tromp, hourly sweep the pathways with their squeegees, caring nothing for the damage that may be caused to boots, spats, ends of trousers, or hems of skirts? Every now and again they manage, with a triumphantly cumulative effort, to overwhelm the extremities of a harmless passer-by in a wave of liquid London mud. The accomplishment of this feat (no; I am quite serious), so far from satisfying their lust for cruelty, merely encourages them to howl, "W'y don't yer look ware yer goin'?" and then seek fresh triumphs of manipulated mud and malice.

Talking of mud, I suppose there is no remedy for the kind of Catherine-wheel business that the 'buses indulge in so frequently. You see, it is not the easiest thing in the world to drive a heavy four-wheeled Metropolitan carriage through six inches of seething slush without letting the people on the pavement know that you are passing. It wouldn't be a bad idea, perhaps, to level up the road a bit.

As to the people who shoot shutters up suddenly, rush down narrow passages with planks or ladders, take one off one's feet with hand-trolleys, display, before bilious eyes, pale sausages a-frizzling in an odoriferous pan of fat, and so forth, I have no strength or inclination to speak now. All of us have suffered at their hands some time or other; we shall, I presume, continue to suffer. But I think you will agree with me, my dear young lady, that the picturesque flower-sellers and philosophic vendors of mechanical toys are infinitely preferable to any single one of the gratuitous nuisances that I have been foolish enough to make myself uncomfortably hot about. In the meantime, thank goodness, we have arrived, safe and sound, at Temple Bar.



Chicot



## QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE STAGE.

SOME THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL FAVOURITES OF HER LATE MAJESTY.

**N**OWADAYS, few of us realise the immense progress made by the drama during the last sixty years, and even those who are well aware of the fact would be astonished were they told how much this increase in worth and prosperity has been directly due to our late lamented Sovereign. During the first twenty-three years of her reign, Queen Victoria showed a keen interest in the British stage, and both Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort were, in the truest sense of the word, dramatic critics of a high order.

## THEN AND NOW.

Owing to a number of circumstances into which it is not necessary to enter, when the maiden Queen ascended the Throne the British realm was far more exercised concerning "politics and Popery" than concerning "plays and playgoing." With the exception of the two "patent" theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, all so-called London play-houses were liable at any moment to be turned into circuses, and so serious was the state of things that a Parliamentary Committee was actually appointed to take evidence and report on the decadence of the British stage. On the Accession of Queen Victoria, this was brought to the notice of the young Sovereign, and, with her usual vigorous good sense and kindly nature, she set herself at once to remedy so deplorable a state of affairs.

## THE QUEEN'S EARLY DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

Even as Princess Victoria of Kent, Her late Majesty was full of dramatic instinct, and there is something pathetic in the thought that the little Princess destined to become Queen-Empress of our great Empire spent many hours of her lonely childhood very literally "play-acting" with her dolls. Together they acted the more dramatic passages of English history, and, according to tradition, the white donkey given to Princess Victoria by her uncle, the then Duke of York, was named Hamlet by his new mistress, which fact, if true, would go to prove that Her late Majesty was early introduced to the world's greatest dramatist!

## QUEEN VICTORIA AND "TOMMY MOORE."

One of the most delightful glimpses of Her Majesty's childhood may be found in the Diary of Thomas Moore, for the Irish poet had the signal honour of being invited to spend a musical evening with the Duchess of Kent and her young daughter, and Ireland's sweetest singer noted concerning the future Queen's voice: "No attempts at *bravura* and graces, but all simplicity and expression. Her Royal Highness is evidently very fond of music, and would have gone on singing much longer if there had not been rather premature preparations for bed."

## PRINCESS VICTORIA AS A DANCER.

It must have been about this time that Madame Bourdin gave the future Queen a number of dancing-lessons. Her Majesty, both before her marriage and as a young matron, was noted for her grace of bearing

and demeanour, and she took more interest in stage-dancing than ladies are generally supposed to do; while one of her ways of amusing herself with her Maids-of-Honour was that of organising informal little dances.

## THE GREAT LABLACHE AND HIS ROYAL PUPIL.

It was after her Accession that the most famous singer of that day, Signor Lablache, was asked to give lessons to the maiden Sovereign,

and he continued this pleasant task, of which he was touchingly proud, long after the Queen married. Lablache was great in two senses; he was so big a man that it used to be said that one of his boots would have made a small portmanteau, while out of one of his gloves might have been fashioned a baby's coat! Not only had he an exquisite voice in the usual sense of the term, but his ordinary speaking tones were like those of a great bell, and the story went the rounds that Madame Lablache was once waked in the middle of the night by what she took to be a fire tocsin, only to find it was her worthy husband's sleeping accents!

## THE QUEEN AS A SINGER.

The Queen had a charming mezzo-soprano voice and a very good ear. Nowadays, it is interesting to recall the fact that her favourite composer at that time was the already forgotten Cimarosa, while she was, as were all her contemporaries, quite devoted to Mozart. On one occasion, Her Majesty gave a little private concert to her Household, and, to the delight of her master, in the programme was written the line, "Duet: 'La Ci Darem.' Her Majesty the Queen and Signor Lablache."

## FIRST VISITS TO THE THEATRE.

It is on record that the Duchess of Kent and the little Princess Victoria often honoured the local playhouses of those country towns through which they passed during the years which preceded Her Majesty's Accession. But, curiously enough, the late Sovereign's first visit to the play after the eventful 20th June, 1837, was to Drury Lane, when Van Amburgh was drawing all the town with his wonderful performing lions. The girl Queen was highly delighted with the show, and went twice, somewhat, it may be whispered, to the mortification of those who considered that the stage of a national theatre should not be put to so base a use.

## "À RACHEL: VICTORIA REINE."

The great French actress, Rachel, came to London in 1841. In those days, crossing the Channel was a matter of more moment than it now is, and Rachel's visit aroused unbounded enthusiasm and interest. The Queen went more than once to Her Majesty's Theatre in order to see "the French Siddons," and she was so delighted with the performances that she invited Rachel to Windsor, in order that the latter might play before the Sovereign and her Household her more famous scenes from



HELEN FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN) AS PAULINE IN "THE LADY OF LYONS."

Photo by Ritschitz, Anden Gardens, from a Painting by Myra Drummond, 1845.



"Orestes" and "Marie Stuart." The Queen sent for her after the performance, and had a long talk with her, finally presenting her with a beautiful bracelet, inscribed with the words, "À Rachel: Victoria Reine." In view of this, a melancholy interest attaches to the fact that Rachel's last performance on any stage was at Drury Lane in 1855. On this occasion she played the title-rôle in a charitable benefit performance patronised by the Queen.

#### EARLY VICTORIAN PLAYERS.

It is not too much to say that all the more notable Victorian actors and actresses were at some time or other of their career brought into close contact with their gracious and beloved Sovereign. Ever generously anxious to reward and please those who gave her pleasure, the Queen showed great interest in all that concerned the theatrical world's private joys and sorrows; and when Mrs. Warner, most delightful and charming of early Victorian theatrical "stars," lay dying, the Queen arranged that a number of specially well-hung Royal carriages should be sent daily to take her for drives.

#### THE QUEEN'S MASTER OF THE REVELS.

Charles Kean was Master of the Revels, and in that capacity was constantly at Windsor and at Buckingham Palace. His connection with the Court began in 1847, and continued many years. The Queen was exceedingly fond of both him and his wife, and delighted in seeing them act together, especially in Shakspeare. Her Majesty's favourite play being "The Merchant of Venice." In those years (1848-49-50) the Sovereign constantly saw Shaksperian performances in which the cast included the two Keans, Ben Webster, the two Keeleys, Mrs. Compton, and Mrs. Warner.

#### THE QUEEN AND "THE COLLEEN BAWN."

Her Majesty had a very wide and catholic taste where the drama was concerned. As a quite young woman she was very fond of



W. C. MACREADY.  
Photo by Skelton, Cheltenham.

Adelphi melodrama, and, as late as 1860, she went three times to see "The Colleen Bawn," which was then being played by the Boucicaults in that same theatre—indeed, it was while seeing this historic performance for the third time that Her Majesty was told of the sudden illness of her beloved mother. But the Queen did not forget "The Colleen Bawn," and the following summer, while in Killarney, she constantly spoke of Miles and Eily, and a fine painting of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault in their respective rôles was ordered and acquired by the Sovereign.

#### THE QUEEN AND HELEN FAUCIT.

The late Lady Martin had a long and, indeed, a unique connection with Queen Victoria. During her professional career she was the late Sovereign's favourite actress, and after her retirement from the stage she became, as Lady Martin, honoured with the Queen's personal friendship and affection. Curiously enough, Her Majesty delighted in seeing Miss Faucit in the awe-inspiring rôle of Lady Macbeth, and herself desired that "Macbeth" should be the play given at a festival entertainment at Her Majesty's Theatre in the January of 1858. Phelps, also a great favourite, was the Macbeth to Miss Faucit's Lady Macbeth, and, as would now seem to us in curious juxtaposition, "Twice Killed" was played by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley on the same occasion.

#### THE QUEEN AND NATIVE TALENT.

The Queen always did all in her power to encourage native talent, and at the first State performance which took place at Drury Lane after the Royal marriage John Barnett's "Mountain Sylph" was played. From Purcell to her own Victorian composers, the Queen delighted in the work of English musicians, and even during her later years, when never appearing at public operatic performances, the Sovereign always showed the keenest appreciation of and interest in British music, much admiring the work of Sir Arthur Sullivan, of Hamish MacCunn, and of Sir Walter Parratt, the last-named famous musician having been intimately associated with the great funeral pageant of last week.



MARIE TAGLIONI,  
OF WHOSE DANCING THE QUEEN WAS A GREAT ADMIRER.  
From a Drawing by Edwin D. Smith.



FELIX MENDELSSOHN,  
TO WHOSE ACCOMPANIMENT THE QUEEN SANG AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.  
From a Drawing by Hildebrand.



## THE QUEEN AND MENDELSSOHN.

Mendelssohn has himself left a charming account of his visit to the Queen and Prince Albert. Her Majesty and the Prince received him at Buckingham Palace in their private sitting-room, and, after the famous composer had played a while, the Queen offered to sing, and, with her usual charming tact, chose his own "Pilgerspruch," "which," wrote Mendelssohn, "she sang quite faultlessly and with charming feeling and expression"; although the Sovereign admitted that she was very nervous.

## THE QUEEN AND FANNY KEMBLE.

Miss Fanny Kemble, in her day one of the most delightful and gifted of actresses, has left in her "Records of a Later Life" an imperishable and delightful account of the young Queen and her musical accents.

Miss Kemble, who was, of course, the daughter of Charles Kemble and the niece of Mrs. Siddons, was present when Her Majesty first opened Parliament, and she says, "The Queen's voice was exquisite, nor have I ever heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness. . . . The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it is impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen."

## THE QUEEN AND THE OPERA.

Till the lamented Prince Consort's death, Her Majesty delighted in nothing so much as an evening spent at the Opera. As we have seen, the Sovereign's interest in music was a very real one, and within a year of her Accession she had become patron of the Philharmonic Society. Before her marriage, Her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent constantly visited the Italian Opera, but, by the Queen's own wish, only British music was played and sung at the Coronation, the selection including the works of Sir George Smart.

## QUEEN AND FOREIGN PERFORMERS.

Her Majesty was always gracious to foreign singers, actors, and composers, and even when abroad she never lost an opportunity of seeing good acting and hearing good music. As long ago as 1845, Her Majesty and Prince Albert attended the Beethoven Festival at Bonn, and then heard the great Liszt for the first time. The Queen, notwithstanding the stories to the contrary, also greatly admired Wagner, and, indeed, his work was brought to her notice long before he was at all widely known. So true is this that some fifty years ago, when Wagner, scarcely heard of outside the musical world, was in London, the Sovereign and Prince Albert attended one of his concerts, and, after the playing of the "Tannhäuser" overture, the Queen sent for the composer, receiving him with the words, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance: Your composition has enraptured me." And in Wagner's own letters, written about that time, he observed of Queen Victoria and her Consort, "These two were the first people in England who dared to speak in my favour openly and undisguisedly."

## ROYAL HONOURS FOR MUSICIANS.

When the Queen became Sovereign, there was only one musical Knight, Sir George Smart, and he owed the honour to a Lord-Lieutenant

of Ireland who had been a personal friend. Still, five years went by before Her Majesty knighted a musician, he being Henry Bishop. Michael Costa was knighted in 1869, while during and after the seventies the musical roll of honour greatly increased, and included among those who have already passed over to the majority Sterndale Bennett, Robert Prescott Stewart, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Joseph Barnby, and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

## HER LATE MAJESTY'S FAVOURITE SINGERS.

Comparisons are proverbially odious, and never more so than when Royal favour is in question. Still, it may be stated without fear of contradiction that among Her late Majesty's favourite singers were the late Miss Birch, Clara Novello, Jenny Lind, to whom the Queen showed marked favour, Madame Adelina Patti, for whose genius Her Majesty

often expressed deep admiration, and Madame Albani, who has given the public some charming accounts of Queen Victoria as she was in the pleasant seclusion of Deeside. Young singers whose careers were but just commencing were often cheered and encouraged by a "command" to Windsor Castle, and it is on record that our late beloved Sovereign was on these occasions wonderfully kind and considerate.

## "THE WEARING O' THE GREEN."

Not long before the late Sovereign's last memorable visit to Ireland, an Irish artist was singing a selection of Irish songs to the Queen, when the latter expressed a wish to hear "The Wearing o' the Green." After a moment's hesitation, the lady complied with the Royal request, and, when she had concluded the last verse of what has become a national lament, she saw that tears stood in the Queen's kind blue eyes.

## STILL AMONG US.

Some of Her Majesty's early favourites are still among us, Miss Reynolds (Lady Brampton), Lewis Ball, Frederick Robinson, who all took part in historic performances nearly half-a-century ago, being happy instances in point. The venerable Mrs. Keeley was received by the Queen not long before her death, and was reduced to tears when telling with what gracious kindness the Sovereign talked to her

of the old happy days when seeing "the Keeleys" act was one of the young Queen's pleasures. Mrs. Stirling, too, I believe, was received by Her late Majesty in private audience some time before she also left this world's stage.

## QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE LATER DRAMA.

For a while—that is, after 1861—it appeared as though our late Sovereign's interest in the British drama was dead, and during many long years the Queen seemed to have handed on her love of things theatrical to her children. Then, by a happy chance, the iron rule was relaxed, and at Abergeldie Castle "The Colonel," Burnand's amusing comedy, was seen by the Queen, she being at the time the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr. Edgar Bruce's Company, including Mr. W. E. Hawtreys, Miss M. Siddons, and Miss Glover, played on this occasion. Six years went by before the Queen again witnessed a dramatic performance. In the February of 1887, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were "commanded" to Osborne in order to play in "Uncle's Will" and



HENRY IRVING AS HAMLET.

HAMLET: *To be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.*—HAMLET, Act II., Scene 2.



AN OLD PORTRAIT OF FANNY KEMBLE.

*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*



FANNY STIRLING.

*From an Old Daguerreotype.*



MISS P. GLOVER.

*From a Painting by Rose Emma Drummond.*



FANNY KEMBLE AS EUPHRASIA.



LISZT.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



JENNY LIND.



PHELPS AND MISS GLYN IN  
"HAMLET."



CHARLOTTE AND SUSAN CUSHMAN AS  
ROMEO AND JULIET.



BUCKSTONE AS LAUNCELOT GOBBO IN  
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."





SIR WALTER PARRATT, MUS. DOG.,  
PRIVATE ORGANIST TO THE QUEEN.  
*Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.*



MADAME ALBANI,  
A FAVOURITE PRIMA DONNA OF THE QUEEN.  
*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*



MADAME CLARA NOVELLO,  
A DISTINGUISHED SINGER IN FAVOUR WITH THE QUEEN.  
*Photo by Mayall.*



MADAME SALA,  
THE MOTHER OF GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.  
*From a Painting by Miss Rose Emma Drummond.*

Gilbert's little *chef d'œuvre*, "Sweethearts." Two years later, when Her Majesty was staying at Sandringham, the Lyceum Company performed "The Bells" and "The Merchant of Venice" in our present King's Norfolk home, and it is interesting now to note the fact that in the cast was youthful George Alexander.

#### THE QUEEN AND MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Queen Victoria first saw Miss Ellen Terry when the latter was a little girl—in fact, an infant prodigy—the future actress even then showing astounding dramatic power, and this fact was recalled by the late Sovereign when Miss Terry played Portia at the Sandringham performance. Some years later, Miss Ellen Terry played "Fair Rosamond" at Windsor Castle, Sir Henry Irving having been "commanded" to give a special performance of Lord Tennyson's drama, "Becket." Mr. Beerholm Tree has retained delightful memories of Balmoral, where he and his Company produced "The Red Lamp" and "The Ballad-Monger." Mr. George Alexander was also bidden to the late Sovereign's Highland home, and that only five years ago, when he produced "Liberty Hall," Miss Evelyn Millard being in the cast.

#### MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM AND THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty was anxious to see "the Squire of Dames" in one of his most celebrated rôles, and Mr. Wyndham was actually on the point of starting for Osborne when the unexpected news of Prince Henry of Battenberg's death plunged the Court in the deepest family mourning, and, of course, put an end to the projected performance.

#### THE QUEEN'S EARLY FAVOURITES.

The Keans were not, as was at one time supposed, the only early Victorian players admired and even fêted by the late Sovereign. Ben Webster, whose Tartuffe is still remembered by some of us; Marie Taglioni, the clever, gifted woman known in those days as "Fanny Stirling"; Pauline Glover; the gifted, eccentric Sisters Cushman; Miss Glyn, who acted the Queen to Phelps's Hamlet; the inimitable

"The Daughter of the Regiment" vying with "Cavalleria Rusticana," "The Gondoliers," and "L'Amico Fritz" in giving her keen artistic delight. The Carl Rosa Company had the honour of being "commanded" to Balmoral, and on more than one occasion in the 'eighties Queen Victoria attended performances in the Royal Albert Hall.

#### QUEEN VICTORIA AND SACRED MUSIC.

Her late Majesty at all times showed a peculiar love and understanding of sacred music, and, when the Court was in residence at Windsor,



BEN WEBSTER AS TARTUFFE.



BALFE.

Photo by H. N. King, Avenue Road, W.

the Queen's tastes in this particular were able to be fully satisfied, especially under the brilliant direction of Sir Walter Parratt, who for some years filled the ancient and responsible office of "Master of the Queen's Musick."

As *The Sketch* was one of the first journals to announce that the official history of the War in South Africa had been entrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, its readers—many of whom have a close connection with the Army—will be glad to know that they have an



MR. J. L. TOOLE.



MISS ELLEN TERRY.



MR. JOHN HARE.

From Photographs by Walker and Boutall.

Buckstone, Mathews, Macready, Ellen and Kate Bateman, Vestris—each and all obtained the kindest recognition.

#### THE QUEEN AND RECENT OPERA.

The late Sovereign, during the last twenty years of her life renewed her early interest in opera, and Her Majesty heard both old and new favourites performed at Windsor, "Faust," "Carmen," and

opportunity of assisting Colonel Henderson in his work. With the desire of making his history both full and instructive, and feeling that this cannot be done without the aid of regimental and private records, Colonel Henderson would be glad if officers and others who have been engaged in the South African Campaign would send him letters, diaries, and sketches throwing light on any of the operations. All comments, criticisms, and personal reflections will be treated as confidential.





MISS FLORENCE HUGHES: A TYPICAL NEW CENTURY ARTISTE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

## CHINESE WIT AND HUMOUR.

THE latest contribution to the series of "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World" (Heinemann) is a volume on "Chinese Literature." Its author is Dr. Giles, who for the last two years has been Professor of Chinese at Cambridge. Formerly British Consul at Ningpo, he is generally regarded as one of the greatest of Chinese scholars, and this work of his evinces a remarkable familiarity with the whole range of Chinese authorship. What this exactly means will be understood when it is remembered that China was in possession of a distinct literature six centuries before the Christian era, that this literature has gone on ceaselessly being added to ever since, and that at the present time it is, perhaps, the one living thing in the national life of that extraordinary Empire.

## STYLE.

The chief characteristic of Chinese literature is its devotion to style, pure and simple. To the Chinese author, style is everything, the subject-matter nothing. Chinese poetry, in particular, is fearfully and wonderfully made—according to rules, each of which is a sublimated Chinese puzzle. But a closer examination of Chinese books, as shown in

not know"; yet Lao Tzu left a book of five thousand words about it. This is how a later author ridicules this contradictory position—

"Who know speak not; who speak know naught,"  
Are words from Lao Tzu's lore;  
What then becomes of Lao Tzu's own  
"Five thousand words and more"?

## CLASSICAL HUMOUR.

Dr. Giles gives several specimens of good things from the Chinese classics; they are such, he assures us, as might be introduced into any serious biographical notice of the individuals concerned. One of the most celebrated wits of China is Chun-yu-Kun, who flourished some twenty-five centuries ago or so! His father-in-law was the Prince of Chi, and, when the Chi State was about to be attacked by the Chu State, the Prince of Chi ordered him to proceed to the Chao State to ask for help, giving him as offerings to the Prince of Chao a hundred pounds of silver and ten chariots—

At this Chun-yu laughed so immoderately that he snapped the lash of his cap, and, when the Prince asked him what was the joke, he said, "As I was coming along this morning, I saw a husbandman sacrificing a pig's foot and a single cup of wine, after which he prayed, saying, 'O God, make my upper terraces fill baskets and my lower terraces fill carts; make my fields bloom



TEA-HOUSES, SHANGHAI.

the extracts given by Dr. Giles, reveals that the literary John Chinaman is as human as anybody else, and that his subjects cover the whole tragedy-comedy of life. The following lines, doubtless composed in the original in the most faultlessly exquisite verse, were penned by one of China's most famous poets—

From the Court every eve to the pawnshop I pass,  
To come back from the river the drunkest of men;  
As often as not I'm in debt for my glass—  
Well, few of us live to be threescore-and-ten.  
The butterfly flutters from flower to flower,  
The dragon-fly sips and springs lightly away;  
Each creature is merry its brief little hour—  
So let us enjoy our short life while we may!

## WIT AND HUMOUR.

John Chinaman, unlike the celebrated individual who joked "wi' diffieeculty," is a born humorist, and jokes with much facility. To be sure, he is tickled by jests that would appear to us pointless in the extreme; but, on the other hand, many of our most amusing stories would strike him as being uncommonly flat and stupid. At the same time, much of his wit and humour is of the sort that can be relished by the whole world. To take an example. Taoism is one of the religions of China, and its founder was Lao Tzu, born B.C. 604. One of its fundamental ideas was, "Those who know do not tell; those who tell do

with crops and my barns burst with grain!" And I could not help laughing at a man who offered so little and wanted so much." The Prince took the hint, and obtained the assistance he required.

As an illustration of witty suggestion, take this story of Li Chia-ming, a noted wag at the Court of the last Emperor of the Tang dynasty. On a certain occasion, the monarch drew attention to some gathering clouds which appeared about to bring rain—

"They may come," said Li Chia-ming, "but they will not venture to enter the city." "Why not?" asked the Prince. "Because," replied the wit, "the oetrol is too high." Orders were thereupon issued that the duties should be reduced by one-half.

## MODERN HUMOUR.

Collections of wit and humour of the Joe Miller type are often to be seen in the hands of Chinese readers, and may be bought at any bookstall. The subjoined quotation is extracted from the "Hsiao Lin Kuang Chi," a modern work of this character—

A woman who was entertaining a paramour during the absence of her husband was startled by hearing the latter knock at the house-door. She hurriedly bundled the man into a rice-sack, which she concealed in a corner of the room; but when her husband came in, he caught sight of it, and asked in a stern voice, "What have you got in that sack?" His wife was too terrified to answer, and, after an awkward pause, a voice from the sack was heard to say, "Only rice."





MISS ELLA SNYDER, THE BEAUTIFUL "CASINO GIRL" OF THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



MISS LILY BRAYTON, WHO HAS MADE HER NAME AS VIOLA IN MR. TREE'S

EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT."

THE TALENTED YOUNG ACTRESS IS HERE PICTURED AS ROSALIND BY CRIPPIN AND CO., PEMBERTON.





MISS MARION TERRY AS LADY TEAZLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

"CINDERELLA," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MISS AMY FARRELL AS CINDERELLA.



MISS RUTH LYTTON AS DANDINI.



MISS LILIAN LEA AS THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.



MISS HETTY CHATTELL AS THE PRINCE.



"CINDERELLA," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



BALL-ROOM SCENE: THE MINUET.



CINDERELLA (MISS AMY FARRELL) AND HER WONDERFUL GLASS COACH.

## ENGLAND'S KING EDWARDS.

*The Six Namesakes of Edward VII.—Their Contributions to England's Greatness.*

ALTHOUGH three and a-half centuries have come and gone since an Edward has been numbered among the Sovereigns of England, the name is still an honoured one and the deeds of its various bearers remembered with gratitude and affection. It is to the six Monarchs of this name who since 1272 have occupied her Throne that

## ENGLAND'S GREATNESS

is mainly due. To the first, for example, she owes the institution of that priceless boon, a representative Parliament; to the third, a long list of splendid successes in war; and to the sixth, the founding of a large number of educational establishments in various parts of the country. The achievements of the three remaining Edwards stand out less conspicuously, for, torn by internal strife and dissension, the governing of the kingdom during their respective reigns was fraught with peculiar difficulties. All said and done, however, England's debt to even the least of her Edwards is a large one.

The eldest son of Henry III., the first King Edward, was travelling in the East—taking part in the last of the Crusades—when news of his Royal father's death reached him. Immediately on the occurrence of this (November 1272), he had been proclaimed Monarch, but it was not until the August of 1274 that he actually landed in his kingdom. At his Coronation—which historians describe as having been carried out with exceptional splendours—he received the homage of Alexander III. of Scotland. Prince Llewellyn of Wales, who had been summoned to attend for the same purpose, at first held aloof. On receipt, however, of a strong hint that his presence would be enforced, he wisely changed his mind and tendered his submission as required. Just ten years later, by the famous "Statute of Wales," the Principality was formally annexed to the Crown, and in 1301 the King's son, Edward, was created the

## FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

The second Edward came to the Throne in 1307. He does not appear to have been gifted with the military genius of his father, for he signally failed to make any headway against the Scottish rebels. Indeed, so far from this being the case, he sustained a severe defeat at Bannockburn in 1314, and was finally compelled to conclude a truce with the country. His moral character, unfortunately, was far from strong, and he was the tool of unscrupulous Court favourites. Isabella, his wife, sided with these, and to her evil machinations was due this King's miserable death in confinement at Berkeley Castle in 1327.

A Monarch of a very different description was Edward III., whose name and fame as

## A GALLANT SOLDIER AND A TRUE GENTLEMAN

will always be honoured in English history. The pages of Froissart glow with story after story of his valour in the presence of the enemy, while his chivalry to women and his constant readiness to range himself on the side of the suffering and the weak are proverbial. At the hardly contested Battle of Halidon Hill, he did much to repair his father's defeat at Bannockburn, while his prowess on the field of Cressy in 1346 must live for all time. In word, as well as in deed, this third Edward was a veritable King throughout the whole of his long reign of one-and-fifty years.

Edward IV., the son of Richard, Duke of York, was born at Rouen in 1442. On the death of his father at the Battle of Wakefield (1460), the leadership of the party naturally devolved upon him, and,

## BY VIRTUE OF HIS SWORD,

he won for himself the Crown of England. Sustaining his position by the same weapon, the first few years of his reign were occupied with the suppression of numerous risings all over the country. His two greatest victories were those gained over Warwick and Queen Margaret at Barnet and Tewkesbury. In the later years of his reign he was chiefly remarkable for the relentless manner in which he treated everyone against whom rested the shadow of a suspicion of intriguing against him. His brother, Clarence, for instance, was murdered by his orders, while his name is also stained by his connivance at the death of the old King, Henry VI., which took place in the Tower.

Concerning Edward V. but little is authoritatively known, for the tragedy which cut short his young life in 1483 (when only thirteen years of age) has never yet been cleared up. All that can be said on the subject is that, together with his young brother, he fell into the hands of his uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester (temporarily acting as Protector of England), in the early summer of 1483. By Richard's orders, the child-King and the little Prince were consigned to the Tower, where they are commonly reported to have been secretly murdered at the instigation of their ambitious uncle.

The last Sovereign of the name of Edward that England has known, prior to its present representative, was chiefly renowned for his own

## SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS

and for the encouragement which the cause of learning met with during his brief reign. Son of Henry VIII. ("Bluff King Hal"), he came to the Throne in 1547, and died, three years later, from what a chronicler has described as "the effect of quack nostrums on a consumptive frame."

And now, three hundred and fifty years later, another Edward occupies the Throne of England. Long may he reign!

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*Tempering Amusement with Mercy—The London Season: A Reprieve—News as She is Telegraphed—The Doom of Mufti?—Advice to Those About to be Kissed—"Professional Gentlemen"—"Another Interesting Link"—Being Dead Yet Speareth.*

EXCEPT for the cause, there are many to whom the practical absence of a Season will be welcome. Families who can hardly make both ends meet in smart Society can chronicle their departure "for the Continent" in the fashionable papers, live on eight to ten francs a-head per day in a Swiss chalet, and yet be assured they are doing the correct thing. The overworked Society woman obtains a reprieve from her amusements—and the London Season, without its pleasures, is almost endurable. Even in dress great expense is unnecessary; intimate friends of the late Queen have perpetuated her own simplicity in wearing moderate mourning.

For the moment it is fashionable not to be fashionable. The impecunious can appear to as much advantage as does the blind man in the dark. As in Lent, people will welcome the excuse for economising in theatres and other dissipation. And will the theatres really be "hit" so hard? They are almost a necessity—perhaps all the more in time of trouble: the War last year showed us that. And they exist on the pit and gallery, which will soon fill again. To the hunting-man of limited means—all hunting having stopped for the time—the rest for his horses after more than two months' constant work was badly needed. The losses of racing-men, on the other hand, have been very great.

No one who does not read the Continental papers can see the importance of the King's Accession. The *Novosti* shows us that he will at once recall Lord Kitchener, the *Rossia* points out that the Kaiser will now stop the War, a Vienna journal that the politics of the Lord Mayor are at variance with those of the "other" members of the Royal Family, a French paper that Lord Kitchener will now become "permanent" Minister of War. And observe that the Queen Consort "inherits her simplicity from Queen Victoria."

What odds that in six months mufti is abolished and we have uniformed officers in thousands and ten thousands in our streets—notoriously a point of difference between the late and the present Sovereigns? Economy, of course, is the object, as on the Continent (where, however, it leads to the wearing of very shabby uniforms), but does not khaki alter the situation? There must now be the Piccadilly and the active-service uniform, and what is the guarantee that neither costs more than a hundred guineas, or will there be sumptuary laws? Display of regimentals like this, while a stern joy to the subaltern, is apt to be the abomination of desolation to the Colonel. But both the King and Lord Roberts seem in favour of the change.

We are warned to keep specimens of Victorian money, which will eventually become scarce (this is just the difficulty, though, to collect enough current coins; they have a habit of becoming scarce). Amongst innumerable changes at Court, the King will probably cease to kiss the ladies at Drawing-Rooms, as still done by the Viceroy of Ireland and India. A century ago, indiscriminate kissing was the ordinary salutation between ladies and gentlemen, but, however commendable (especially with the young and pretty), the excellent custom has unaccountably fallen into disuse. The density of the modern "make-up" may have made it dangerous, together with the invention of microbes.

Monarchy was probably never so firmly established in England, just as in America we hear rumours of a revolt against plutocracy, which has now given two hundred millionaires to New York and two thousand to the whole country. Royalty is much more than a society of "professional gentlemen," "experts in manners," to be the official centre of a London Season. Think of the influence of the German Emperor here! How many treaties or mutual commercial accommodations would have produced the *entente* which is the result of a simple visit to his uncle? It is noticeable that "Emperor" and "King" have ceased to be the recognised terms of abuse exchanged by American politicians.

The recent sad event throws out of employment the innumerable "last survivors of the Battle of Waterloo"—there was an Army Corps of them large enough to win the battle several times over. The lion of the hour is the "man who remembers the Coronation of 1838," who, however, is snubbed by the "man who has lived in five reigns." The last is one of those things they do better in France. A man in Brittany is boasting of having lived under three Republics, two Emperors, three Kings, a Consulate, and four or five assorted "Provisional Governments" and interregnums.

Just as some masterpieces are beyond parody, however, the great national, and international, catastrophe was above the humorous. Otherwise there would have been something laughable in the band which has rendered "God Bless the Prince of Wales" enthusiastically through the suburbs for weeks. In Ireland, an aged clergyman prayed absent-mindedly the other Sunday for "The Queen." An anti-ritualistic parishioner has consequently complained of this pandering to the Papist practice of prayers for the dead.

HILL ROWAN.





MISS MARY ELLIOTT-PAGE,  
NOW PLAYING IN "THAT WARDROBE," AT THE PALACE THEATRE OF VARIETIES.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## TOMMY AND THE DUCHESS.

BY RICHARD TURPIN.

CHARACTERS: THE DUKE OF ST. ASAPH ("Wisdom of the Wise"); SIR DANIEL CARTERET ("Mrs. Dane's Defence"); MR. THOMAS SANDYS ("Sentimental Tommy"); THE DUCHESS OF ST. ASAPH ("Wisdom of the Wise"); LADY PALMIRA FENTON, LADY LOUISA MACRAY ("The Noble Lord"); MRS. DAVENTRY ("Mr. and Mrs. Daventry"); MISS AMABEL EAST ("Wisdom of the Wise").

Time, 3.30 p.m. MRS. DAVENTRY'S boudoir.

MRS. DAVENTRY, a bride of one year's standing, reclines in a corner of the Chesterfield, a pile of Yellow Books beside her. She is very slight, very young, and very beautiful. Her dark hair is tied girlishly at the neck with a bow of ribbon. MR. THOMAS SANDYS (known to his friends as SENTIMENTAL TOMMY) is seated awkwardly on the extreme edge of the only high chair in the room. He is stout, Scotch, and heavily bearded.

TOMMY (earnestly). My feelings led me away, dear Mrs. Daventry. It was such a moonlight night, and the faint rhythm of the music intoxicated (sighing) both of us. I dare not think what I said. It is too terrible!

MRS. D. (more earnestly). Why terrible?

TOMMY (slightly shocked). But her husband . . . the Duke . . . they have been married only six months. . . . Oh, why . . . why . . . must I come between them?

MRS. D. (leaning forward eagerly). Six months! Then, Heaven has sent you to her . . . now! Think what her life has been with him!

TOMMY (uncomfortably). That's the dreadful thing about it! I believe they were moderately happy before I . . .

MRS. D. (interrupting vehemently). Moderately! There is nothing a woman loathes so much as moderation. She must have delirious joy or black . . . despair . . . but the between . . . that is a woman's hell.

TOMMY (slightly shocked at the strong language). But the Duchess is such a child . . .

MRS. D. (fiercely). I, too, am a child—a child of Nature! I have illusions . . . dreams, ideals . . .

TOMMY. And it is to you, and you alone, I dare come with my sorrow now. Dear Mrs. Daventry, what am I to do?

MRS. D. (amazed). But there is only one way open for you. You must take her from him, very firmly, very bravely, in the sight of all the world.

TOMMY. But that would wreck her life . . . his life . . . their whole happiness!

MRS. D. (still more amazed). But it would gain your own. The marriage laws are for the good of the many . . . you and I are of the few. We must sacrifice the happiness of those around us, alas! in our search for kindred souls . . . but what is their happiness to ours? Oh, believe me, we must have compatibility of temperament, and we must search until we find it. (Rising and letting her hair down.) What is marriage but an experiment? The more experienced we are, the more . . .

TOMMY (fervently). Yes . . . yes! (Rising and pressing Mrs. DAVENTRY'S hand.) Good-bye, dear friend! If we never meet again, remember you have . . . [Servant announces MR. ASHURST.

MRS. D. (hastily). I am only pleased to think I may have helped you. Good-bye! Good-bye! [TOMMY departs in a mist of tears.

4 P.M.—MISS AMABEL EAST'S private sitting-room at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. MISS AMABEL EAST, the renowned American heiress, stands at the window waving her handkerchief to the victoria which takes her aunts to Madame Tussaud's. A resplendent footman belonging to MISS EAST'S resplendent suite bears in a card on a resplendent salver.

MISS EAST (carefully placing a slight smile of expectation on her moon-like face). Mr. Thomas Sandys! (Impulsively and fervently.) Show him in! (Removes the smile and assumes a vacant stare.)

[In a minute enter MR. THOMAS SANDYS, still slightly moist about the eyes, and faintly agitated from his recent interview with MRS. DAVENTRY.

MISS EAST (coming forward with outstretched hands). Mr. Sandys! Tommy!

TOMMY. Amabel! (He takes her hand and clasps it tenderly, searching the depths of his companion's lustrous eyes for a tinge of responsive soul.) Alas, dear Amabel, how our friends elude us!

MISS EAST (successfully concealing her emotion). Alas, they do! It is now two years since my two aunts and I started out in quest of . . .

TOMMY. Yes; you, too, have suffered. But oh, dear Amabel, how tortuous are the windings of one's conscience! How . . .

MISS EAST (with emotion). Alas, yes! First you will, and then you won't! First, pride . . . stolid and unflinching! Then compassion, sweet compassion! (Clasping her hands.) Oh, Tommy, Tommy! Shall it be compassion?

TOMMY. Yes . . . but for whom? Yourself, or him?

MISS EAST (dreamily). Oh, it must . . . (with a sudden rapturous fervour that makes TOMMY jump) it must be for yourself!

TOMMY (aghast). Then you seriously advise me . . .

MISS EAST (relapsing into a vacant stare). I don't . . . understand . . .

TOMMY. No, Amabel; I forgot you are slow of comprehension, and I have told you nothing. I sat out on the terrace with the Duchess last night . . . you may have remarked it . . .

MISS EAST (dreamily). No, I was refusing . . .

TOMMY (hastily). Of course! Well, the moonlight flooded everything! . . . Impelled by I know not what emotion, I . . .

MISS EAST (opening her eyes widely). Mr. Sandys! Do I understand you are talking of yourself?

TOMMY (annoyed). It is not my custom, Amabel, but you draw from me—

MISS EAST (crossing the room with a dignity which displays her tea-gown to the fullest advantage). If that is all the sympathy you have for me . . . (She touches bell.)

TOMMY (rising also, white with rage). Am I to understand . . . ?

[Enter the resplendent footman.

MISS EAST (with the dignity of a Surrey heroine). Show Mr. Sandys to his equipage! (MISS EAST is left staring vacantly into space.)

4.30 P.M.—LADY LOUISA MACRAY'S house in Carlton House Terrace. The drawing-room. Enter TOMMY, preceded by a sedate butler.

BUTLER. Lady Macray will be with you presently.

[TOMMY sits down moodily. An entrancing vision in pale-blue chiffon rises hastily in the inner drawing-room and comes forward with a delicious air of maidenly timidity.

TOMMY (rising). Lady Palmira!

LADY PALMIRA. I'm so afraid I'm in the way! Louisa is with her Committee. (Bashfully.) I'm afraid you must put up with me for a few minutes.

TOMMY. Afraid! Oh, Lady Palmira, if I might trouble you for a moment with my sorrow . . . It is at a time like this one wants the sweet intuition . . . the . . . the sympathy of a woman.

LADY PALMIRA (casting down her eyes and playing with her turquoise chain). I'm only a girl of twenty; but, if I could help you. . . . Oh, Mr. Sandys, how did it go last night?

TOMMY. The Duchess was excellent. Her whole heart was in it. Our love-scenes . . .

LADY PALMIRA (eagerly). Yes—yes?

TOMMY. Ah . . . if we had only played them! . . .

LADY PALMIRA (casting down her eyes shyly). I'm only a girl of twenty . . .

TOMMY. Yes; and your candid mind, your sweet simplicity, shall guide me. After the play, they danced. She and I sat out on the terrace in a flood of moonlight. The music murmured in the distance. Led by I know not what mad impulse, I poured out my whole soul to her. Gradually I became more and more personal. She had turned her little head away, but I knew by intuition how deeply she was moved. Encouraged by her silence, I . . . Oh, Lady Palmira! Suddenly it flashed across me I was uttering the very words I had but just repeated on our mimic stage. . . . The scene we had acted was being played again. . . . With a horrible, choking feeling . . . I realised we . . . loved!

LADY PALMIRA. Oh, how Beautiful!

TOMMY (in a voice broken with sobs). Alas . . . it is a dream! . . . Her husband . . . married but six months . . .

LADY PALMIRA (tearfully). And they seemed so happy!

TOMMY (wildly). Moderately happy—and moderation is a woman's hell! What am I to do? Must I leave her there?

LADY PALMIRA. Oh, yes . . . yes! . . . She is not worthy of you! I'm only a girl of twenty, and wild horses shall not drag it from me . . . but I know someone who is free to give you all her young affection . . . someone who has no husband yet . . . someone . . .

[Enter LADY LOUISA MACRAY.

LADY PALMIRA (going to her and taking her hand childishly). Dear Louisa, we have been wanting you! Mr. Sandys has been telling me of a poor, poor woman whose whole life must now be empty . . .

TOMMY (wildly, under his breath). Is that the . . . the . . . solution? LADY LOUISA. And you have brought me her address. How kind of you! It is just such empty women . . . I mean . . . women with such empty lives . . . to whom my mission is addressed! Oh, woman! Once without resource . . . but now so skilled . . . once helpless . . .

[LADY PALMIRA fuses with TOMMY into the inner drawing-room, leaving LADY LOUISA contentedly haranguing futurity.

5 P.M.—SIR DANIEL CARTERET'S study. SIR DANIEL CARTERET, Q.C., is seated on the sofa reading. He is a keen-faced, rugged-looking man.

SERVANT (deferentially). Mr. Thomas Sandys!

SIR DANIEL (looking at card). Mr. Sandys . . . Oh, the author . . . Ask him what he wants . . . and tell him I'm engag . . .

TOMMY (bursting in boyishly and flying, leap-frog fashion, over the astonished servant). Hullo, Sir Daniel! Half a sec! Not on business, but as a friend. (Races round the room astride of a chair, then produces a peg-top and whips it merrily in a corner.)





KERMIS TIME IN HOLLAND.

SIR DANIEL (*coldly*). I'm afraid I'm rather busy . . .

TOMMY (*engagingly*). Reading? What?

SIR DANIEL. My Topographical Dictionary. It brought me fortune once in a rather curious manner. Now, every lawyer comes to me to borrow it. Some day I may go to those shelves and find it missing, so I am getting it by heart.

TOMMY (*suddenly whipping the peg-top into his pocket, and assuming an intensely quiet and matter-of-fact manner*). I want you to save from ruin a ducal house and my career.

SIR DANIEL. A Duke!

TOMMY. More especially, his Duchess . . .

SIR DANIEL (*a world of light breaking over his rugged features*). Ah!

TOMMY (*complacently*). I see, I must begin at the beginning.

SIR DANIEL. Not the least necessity. (*Picks up the "Social Times," glancing through its columns*). You were acting with the Duchess of St. Asaph last night. Afterwards a ball. Moonlight night . . . pretty woman . . . Sentimental Tommy . . . Well, has she told her husband?

TOMMY (*with dignity*). Sir Daniel, I admit my feeling is pure sentiment, but she is in earnest.

SIR DANIEL. H'm! Who told you so?

TOMMY. She did. Do you think I would talk of HER to others? . . .

SIR DANIEL. Her words . . .

TOMMY. I had been talking about myself . . .

SIR DANIEL (*grimly*). You don't say so!

TOMMY (*slightly put out*). Led by the moonlight and the music and her encouraging attitude, I said more than I meant . . . I . . . I suddenly realised . . . and . . . stopped . . . too late . . .

SIR DANIEL. Her words, sir?

TOMMY. As my voice ceased, she shuddered faintly . . .

SIR DANIEL (*testily*). Tsch! tsch!

TOMMY (*gazing rapturously before him*). Then, with a face suffused with blushes, she turned towards me and exclaimed, "I don't know what to say to you. . . . Let us go in." . . .

SIR DANIEL. Was that all?

TOMMY. If it had been only that! No! As we moved towards the ball-room, she murmured, "I will make up for this to-morrow. Come and see me, and we will talk it all over then!"

SIR DANIEL. Good heavens! You must pack yourself off to the Colonies or India, or anywhere, so long as it's a thousand miles away from England!

TOMMY. But my career . . .

SIR DANIEL (*sententiously*). A thousand miles of water won't separate you from the hearts of your public as a Divorce Court will! Listen, Tommy! I have known . . . (*Gives different cases for three-quarters of an hour without stopping*.)

TOMMY (*seizing his opportunity and his hat, as SIR DANIEL pauses, breathless*). Ah, my friend, your torrent of words has burst the bonds that dammed my passion; you have swept it into the sea of manliness, where now it lies submerged! Henceforth my lonely soul shall sit upon the cold shores of renunciation, watching the turgid billows of . . .

SIR DANIEL. And you won't see her, old man! That's the point! WRITE!

TOMMY (*visions of "An Englishman's Love-Letters" already floating before his enraptured eyes*). I will—I WILL! (*Rushes out wildly*.)

5.30 P.M.—At the DUKE OF ST. ASAPH'S. The Duke sits in the exact centre of the gorgeous white-and-gold drawing-room. The furniture that is not pure gold is heavily gilded. A ducal simplicity of taste is everywhere apparent. The young Duchess sits at his feet, gazing up into his face adoringly. There is something deliciously fresh and buoyant about her personality. She looks like a mischievous little saint who has peeped out of her shrine and finds the world not half so black as it's painted.

All the white-and-gold folding-doors thrown open simultaneously. Fifteen white-and-gold footmen appear unostentatiously at each. Enter a Major-domo carrying a stick of solid gold and a massive golden salver severely though richly encrusted with diamonds.

MAJOR-DOMO (*bowing deferentially*). Mr. Thomas Sandys, your Grace—by appointment, your Grace.

DUCHESS (*horror-struck*). Oh, darling . . . I . . . I can't! (*She hides her head upon His Grace's ducal shoulder. The fifteen footmen retire modestly behind the folding-doors*.)

DUKE (*waving his hand*). Hence! (*The MAJOR-DOMO turns his back discreetly*.) (*Tenderly*.) Now, my darling! . . .

DUCHESS. Dearest, I sat out upon the terrace with him last night, and the moonlight was so dreamy and the music was so soothing . . . I . . . I . . .

DUKE (*an icy pallor creeping over his face*). Mr. Sandys! An author! (*Teily*.) Go on!

DUCHESS. Dear, I was so tired . . . and he talked on and on about the play and himself, and his voice went in with the music, and I . . . fell fast . . . asleep!

DUKE (*horror-struck*). But how did you apologise?

DUCHESS. I asked him to come to-day, and said we'd talk it all over then; but I didn't know you were going to read your pamphlet to me. What shall I do?

DUKE (*generously*). You shall send him a ticket for my next political banquet . . . (*To the Major-domo, attendant footmen, &c.*) The Duchess of St. Asaph does not receive to-day!

(CURTAIN.)

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is said that Sir John Tenniel is busy on his book of reminiscences, which is sure to be a delightful volume. It is Sir John's proud boast that he is one of the very few men in the United Kingdom who have never been authoritatively interviewed.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is engaged on a new novel dealing with Florence at the height of her greatness. He is a very slow and conscientious worker—indeed, "Richard Yea-and-Nay" was entirely re-written four times before it satisfied him; and the new novel, which at present bears the title of "The Tuscan Crown," is not likely to be published for some considerable time.

The publication of Mr. George Moore's new novel, "Sister Theresa," has been postponed, in order that "Evelyn Innes" might be re-touched, so that a continuous story might be presented in the two books. I understand that Mr. Moore has completely re-written his earlier work, and that the plot and characters are considerably changed. Meanwhile, a sixpenny edition of "Evelyn Innes" is announced by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Is it to be the old or new version?

A curious mistake has been made by several of the literary papers with regard to a poem by Robert Bridges in the January *Scribner*. As a matter of fact, the lines are not by the well-known English poet, but by Mr. Robert Bridges who has been for some years past the Assistant-Editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, and is the author of a number of plays, poems, and essays on literary topics.

Early this year, Major Pond, the famous Lecture Agent, received the following letter from Sir Edwin Arnold, which will be read with interest as containing an authoritative statement as to his health and a contradiction of the rumours which have lately gone the round of the world of letters and newspapers—

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—My long silence has been due to a long illness. Three years and a-half ago, a mysterious affection seized me, hindering my walking, causing me much pain at intervals, with other inconveniences. After two or three months, the specialists called in declared it to be "ataxia," and since then I have fought the battle of life with a broken sword. Latterly the troublesome malady has fastened on my eyes. At present my right eye is useless, and my left has very imperfect vision. I cannot read or write myself, and my doctor, in hope of arresting the mischief and preserving or amending what sight remains, is injecting into me daily strychnia. I have not, however, given up work, and finished the year with some really triumphant literary labours.

Mrs. Edith Wharton contributes to the American *Bookman* some amusing parodies of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." This, I suppose, may be taken as a final contradiction of the statement that she was the author of the book. There can, however, be little doubt that her story, "A Gift from the Grave," suggested the publication of the volume.

In connection with the discussion which still rages round the publication of this book, the American *Bookman* draws attention to the strange correspondence which is known to have passed between the famous French writer, Stendhal, and a lady whom his biographers are content to designate Madame X. The story is reminiscent of Balzac and Madame de Hanska. The friendship began in 1822, just at the time when the author was putting his final touches to "L'Amour." It covered a period of more than fourteen years, the period of his most important literary activity, and has doubtless left its stamp upon the pages of "Le Rouge et le Noir." These letters, which at one time came to him, on an average, four a week, and amounted in all to nearly three hundred, and which Stendhal himself never had the courage to destroy, were afterwards burned, at his request, by his executor, Colomb—all but one, which Colomb preserved for the sake of the running commentary with which Stendhal had covered its margin. This surviving fragment is really a very curious document. It is evidently from a woman desperately, even recklessly, in love, and written under the stress of great mental anguish. But the curious part of it lies in the annotations. Stendhal has methodically underlined and commented upon every word which can possibly be of any psychological interest. "It reads," says his editor, "as though he had gone, scalpel in hand, over all the bare nerves of an open grief." Each detail of suffering is noted and registered, with comments of this sort: "Ah! tu souffres! Quel beau cri! Comme c'est ça!" And it is characteristic of the man that he, too, evidently suffers as he comments, and gets a melancholy pleasure out of his own suffering.

This letter, together with some other interesting matter, was published, a few years ago, in a curious little brochure, "Stendhal Raconté par ses Amis et ses Amies." The collection containing the letter has since passed into the hands of that enthusiastic Stendhalian, M. Casimir Stryiński, who has embodied the brochure in an interesting volume, "Comment a vécu Stendhal." It contains, in addition, the text of Stendhal's fourteen last wills and testaments—fourteen wills by a man who never had anything of importance to bequeath except his debts—his contracts with his publishers, and many curious details of the pecuniary results of his literary work, details which ought to be comforting to the modern novelist who thinks himself poorly remunerated. Stendhal's total receipts from his writings for upwards of twenty-two years, covering the period of his principal literary activity, were something less than five hundred pounds; and from this must still be deducted a hundred and fifty pounds—the cost of two works of which he bore the expenses of publication.

O. O.



## TEDDY PAYNE ON WHEELS.

*His Racing Experiences—A Fearful and Terrible Ride—And a Bad Accident—An Encounter with a Baked-Potato Can—His Clubs—And his Brothers—Miss Katie Seymour as a Cyclist.*

IT was a horrid night. Every step I took landed me into a pint and a-half of slush, or thereabouts, and every time I bent my head forward, to avoid the pain that ensues on being prodded in the eye with the business end of an umbrella, I got a half-pound of London snow in the nape of my neck.

But inside little Teddy Payne's little dressing-room at the Gaiety Theatre it was as snug and as comfortable as possible. From the walls, portraits of comic comedians grinned at me, photographs of dainty dancers winked at me. And on the hearth-rug stood the popular and clever "Messenger Boy" himself, clad in his neat uniform, trim and fit in wind and limb, keen, alert, humorous, and adorned with a welcoming grin every bit as human and cheering as the chortle that he gets across the footlights.

When the lemonade and the soda-water had been brought in (mine was lemonade), and the post-prandial cigar lightly thrown away (no comments, if you please!), I informed Master Edmund that my mission that evening was to discover whether he rode a bicycle, and if so, how much and to what purpose.

"Cycle?" said Mr. Payne. "Well, I know how to keep my balance, I think. As a matter of fact, I took up this form of recreation about seventeen years ago."

"Really? So recently as that? What luck?"

"None to speak of. I rode in the first twenty-four hours' race held on the Putney track in 1894, during which Shorland's twelve hours' record was beaten. Here is a photo of the start"—(reproduced herewith)—"taken at eight o'clock in the evening. You will observe yours truly with a large No. 1 on his noble chest."

"Excuse me one moment. Was this a lucky or an unlucky race?"

"I'm coming to that. Immediately after the start a terrible thunderstorm began; the lightning flashed, the thunder roared! Several of the competitors grew alarmed, chucked up the business, and retired to the shelter of the neighbouring cellars."

"But you——?" I screamed, getting excited as the story grew.

"——rode bravely on. There was I, and there was the thunder

and lightning. For nine-hours I rode, and was then holding the fourth place, and going better than anybody on the track. But the luck had yet to come in; for, at the beginning of the tenth hour, I fell and injured my knee severely."

"Your luck was as hard as the asphalt!"

"I thought so too, more particularly when I discovered that I had done two hundred and thirty miles in close on record time."

"Tut, tut! But the knee soon got all right again, I trust?"

"Oh, yes! I've had most things the matter with me in my time, and pulled through all of 'em, I'm glad to say. I never felt fitter in my life

than I do at the present moment, although, at the same time, I'm bound to say that a part of this size and sort takes it out of one a bit."

"I should imagine so. No time to wait about much, I should think?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then let's get on to some more races, please."

"Well, in 1899, if you will have it, I won two twelve-hours' unpaced time-trials on the North Road, riding on the second attempt 171 miles absolutely unpaced. I lost over an hour through accidents, or should have run near enough to the record, which stood at 191 miles."

"Good again! I wonder how many of my readers will have heard that before?"

"Not many, I guess," said the modest Edmund, "and fewer still will want to hear it again. I don't really cycle, you know, only——"

"Quite so! Could you do me a few more accidents?"

"Lots of 'em, I can assure you. I've ridden over dogs, cats, and enough chickens to start a poultry-farm. I have been under a surprising number of cabs, and have more than once taken to the bed of a ditch. One dark and dismal night, whilst riding in the Upper Street, Islington, I had a heated argument with a baked-potato can."

"Did you win or lose?"

"I lost the argument, and a lot of skin besides. The business-manager of the can, in his turn, lost a lot of potatoes."

"That's the sort of stuff! Now we're moving. More, please!"

"Another time, after a long and tiring rehearsal of 'The Circus Girl,' I was returning home in the early hours of the morning on my tricycle, and fell asleep. When I awoke—this is not a fairy-tale—I was lying in a beautiful bed—of mud—with the tricycle on top of me to keep the draught out."

I made a rapid note of Teddy's witticisms, and then asked the little man to tell me about his Cycling Clubs. He was getting fidgety as to the time and his cue and things of that sort; but I gathered that he is



A GAIETY CYCLE CLUB RUN: TEDDY PAYNE IS IN THE CENTRE ON A RACING TRICYCLE, KATIE SEYMOUR AND HER HUSBAND ON THE RIGHT.



THE FIRST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' RACE, HELD ON THE PUTNEY TRACK IN 1894. THE HERO OF THIS ARTICLE IS RIDING NUMBER ONE.

(See Text.)

Vice-President of the Polytechnic Cycling Club, of which he has been a member for ten years. He is also President and Trustee (capital thing



TEDDY PAYNE AMUSES HIS FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE UNITY CYCLING CLUB. OBSERVE HIS MACHINE, MORE PARTICULARLY THE LAMP.

to be—a trustee! Ask Daniel Leno, Esq.) of the Unity Cycling Club, one of the crack Road-racing Clubs.

"Any brothers?" I inquired.

"Dear me, yes; and they all ride! I have three brothers in the Unity Cycling Club (one of whom took that photo of me on the bone-shaker), and I remember that, on the occasion of one of our Club runs to Hitchin, the four brothers Payne were the only members who turned up."

"What happened? Did you fight?"

"No; but we raced each other all the way, and came in practically together. I should say that four brothers in one Club all on the same mark in a race is unique."

"I should say so, too. But I see you must go."

"I must, indeed! Good-bye. See you between the Acts."

"Half a moment. What do you think of 'rational' dress?"

"Well, I like to see women as little as possible—"

"What?"

"—Like men!"

And he was gone.

Associated so closely with Mr. Payne in Gaiety pieces as she has been, and also, as the photographs show, an occasional cycling-companion, I think my photo of Miss Katie Seymour with her cycle is particularly appropriate. This clever little actress is as modest in every way as her *vis-à-vis*, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could make her believe that the great British Public was hungering to know what sort of machine she rode, for how long she had ridden it, how far, what she ate when on a cycling journey, what she drank, and, in short, the two thousand and twenty-two things that are connected or disconnected with modern wheel-worship.

"I don't believe it would interest them one bit," she said, with conviction, "to be told any of these things. My business is to let people hear my words when I am singing and to dance without tripping up over the floor-cloth."

"Quite correct!" I agreed. "But, excuse me, I am conducting this interview, and I believe I know what my readers want."

"How very severe you are! I am reduced to a state of mental pulp at once. What must I tell you?"

"Are you a good rider?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm—"

"Please be careful. My phonographic-stenographer is taking elaborate notes of your conversational powers."

"Gracious! You might have said so before!

Now I shall have to be very prim and proper. To continue. I am not a good rider, and I am afraid I shall never become a noted cyclist. The last time I rode, I vowed I would never get on a bicycle again."

"Why?"

"Because I had three spills in one afternoon, the last one landing me in a heap of mud."

"Now, Miss Seymour, what is all this about your leaving England? Of course, it is not true?"

"Of course it *is* true, every word of it—or, almost every word. The exact date of my sailing is not fixed yet, but it will be very soon after you get this article into type. I am under engagement to Mr. George Lederer to open in New York in March, and shall probably stay in America for six months."

"And then?" I sobbed.

"Then I shall return to London under the same management in a new musical piece."

"Ah! Perhaps you could give me something interesting about that piece. We always like to be well ahead."

"Well, to tell you the truth—"

"Yes? That's the very thing I want to be told."

"—I'm afraid—"

"Nonsense! Who could be so childish as to—?"

"—That I—"

"Oh, but you must—you must, indeed!"

"—Don't know anything about it!"

My face fell. Miss Seymour must have noticed it, for she turned to me with a fascinating smile and some comforting farewell words.

"Give my love to *The Sketch*," she said; "I think it's a delightful paper. By the way, I hope the readers won't be annoyed with me for not being a more ardent cyclist. I know I ought to be, because I understand that this article is on the subject of cycling."

"More or less," said I.

"Anyhow, I've been photographed with my cycle, and that's something. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, and good luck in America!" and, with that, I put my stenographic-phonographer snugly away, and backed myself out of the room into the midst of a bevy of lovely Egyptian ladies. Awkward, wasn't it?

K. H.



A BICYCLE AND MISS KATIE SEYMOUR, THE CLEVER LITTLE COMÉDIENNE WHO HAS BEEN SO HAPPILY ASSOCIATED WITH MR. EDMUND PAYNE ON THE STAGE OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



## THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

"TWELFTH NIGHT," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

**A**NOTHER triumph for Mr. Tree," is what people are saying of his superb production of "Twelfth Night"—a production memorable for beauty of mounting and excellence of acting. Miss Lily Brayton, the Viola, has taken the town by storm, and enjoyed the greatest success, a success due to personal charm, richness of voice, and intelligence.

The new Malvolio will hold an important place among those known by present playgoers, and, if some may question details in Mr. Tree's performance, all must admire the legitimate originality and wonderful finish of his portrait of the luckless steward—a miracle of self-sufficiency and grandiose airs and graces, with an under-note of real dignity. Despite her skill and power, Miss Jeffries, if a charming Olivia, seemed hardly to catch the tone of the pretty play. Miss Zeffie Tilbury, on the other hand, was altogether successful as the mirthful Maria, and her three fellow-conspirators, Mr. Lal Brough (the Sir Toby), Mr. Norman Forbes (the Sir Andrew), and Mr. Courtice Pounds (the Clown), were full of infectious merriment. It seemed a curious experiment to take a comic-opera tenor and play him as Shaksperian clown, but Mr. Courtice Pounds justified it by acting in excellent style, with a curious touch of grace, and singing delightfully the pretty music given to him. The difficulty of the resemblance between Viola and Sebastian was well got over without recourse to the undesirable device of doubling the parts. In the difficult part of Orsino, the whimsical epicure in love, Mr. Robert Taber, who has won honours as Malvolio in the States, acted very agreeably, and his delivery of some of the lovely lines was delightful.

The scenery and dresses were fully up to the high standard of Her Majesty's Theatre, and, indeed, there was an "Oh!" of surprise and delight at Mr. Hawes Craven's lovely setting of Olivia's Garden. It would be unfair not to refer to Mr. Andrew Levey's services as musician to the heartily applauded beautiful production of the famous comedy.

"THE AWAKENING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Naturally, great interest was felt concerning the new play by Mr. Haddon Chambers, whose clever, successful piece, "The Tyranny of Tears," showed a sudden and important progress in his career. "The Awakening" may to some be a rather disappointing successor to his clever light comedy, because of its subject; but it shows no falling off in the matter of skill, and its effective scenes and strongly marked characters caused it to hold the house from beginning to end. One may doubt, then, whether the protests of those who, if not prudish, are on the side of the prudes concerning the relation of the unheroic hero, Mr. Trower, and the passionate Lady Margaret Staines, whose infidelity to her husband was notorious in Mr. Trower's set, will have any effect.

People want to be amused and interested easily at the theatre, and were amused and interested easily by "The Awakening," wherefore the first-night audience was enthusiastic. There is no need to tell the tale of Mr. Trower's liaison with Lady Margaret, of his cruel flirtation with Olive Lawrence—if a love-making that is sincere on one side can be called a flirtation—of his sudden awakening to real love for the girl, of her horror and indignation when she learns what sort of man he was without understanding how much he has changed, and of her ultimate forgiveness of the repentant libertine.

It is rich in opportunities for acting, if a little marred by some obscurity; indeed, some people were asking one another for a long time whether Olive had not succumbed to the charms of the philandering Trower ere the play began, whilst others, till the end of the second Act, were doubtful whether he was really culpable in his intimacy with Lady Margaret. Such obscurities offend against a well-known and a well-recognised law of stage construction.

To strengthen his company, Mr. George Alexander called in Miss Gertrude Kingston for the trying part of Lady Margaret, and in his choice showed great discernment, for her acting as the wicked, perhaps pitiable, woman was really brilliant in the scene where she learns that her husband's death has set her free to marry Trower, whom she loves, and guesses that her lover has ceased to love her, and also in the very

clever scene in which she cross-examines Olive to find out whether she loves Trower.

In this scene, essentially painful, the author, with much audacity and success, introduces a comic element by bringing on Miss Prescott, a lively English girl who endeavours to control the new-made widow. Upon Miss Granville, who played very cleverly as Miss Prescott, and Mr. H. B. Irving, ingeniously amusing as a shy lover, and Mr. A. E. Matthews, as a quaint specimen of our *jeunesse dorée*, the humours of the piece depended quite successfully.

Miss Julie Opp played charmingly, in too small a part, as a pretty married woman who just escapes catastrophe with Don Juan Trower. Miss Fay Davis acted admirably in the part of Olive, both in the pretty scenes of comedy and the trying moments of pathos.

Lastly, Mr. George Alexander, in the very difficult task of presenting the despicable hero, showed very great skill in his suggestion of the character of the voluptuary awakened to a feeling of true passion, and for a while in despair because his ugly past seems a barrier between him and a beautiful future. The play may not be a very valuable contribution to stage literature, but it is interesting and entertaining.

MISS ELLA SNYDER,

portrayed on another page, is one of the remarkably bright and clever American comédiennes who delighted London in the wonderfully popular "Belle of New York" at the Shaftesbury. The bounding and boisterous, danceful and hilarious Bowery girl of Ella Snyder was the best possible foil to the gentle and quiet, songful Salvation Army lass of Miss Edna May; and the versatility of Miss Snyder was proved up to the hilt in the two succeeding Columbian comic operas at the Shaftesbury. It is to be hoped this brilliant young actress will be seen in one of the forthcoming new American musical pieces in London.

It was to Mr. George Musgrove and the late Mr. Cordner that England was indebted for the production of "The Belle of New York," one of the most prosperous and most entertaining pieces ever brought across the Atlantic. It is, accordingly, a source of satisfaction to learn that Mr. Musgrove thinks he has secured another "Belle of New York" in that Empire City success, "The Fortune-Teller," by Mr. Harry Smith, author of "The Casino Girl," music by Mr. Victor Herbert. Mr. Musgrove (who has been running an English Opera Company in Australia, and proposes to give Grand Opera in Melbourne during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York) has the intention of producing "The Fortune-Teller" at the Shaftesbury towards the end of April with Miss Alice Nielsen and an American company.

THE NEW ADELPHI THEATRE.

The construction of the New Adelphi Theatre in the Strand proves to be a longer task than was anticipated. Mr. Tom B. Davis had hoped to open it with "The Whirl of the Town," by MM. Morton and Kerker, on April 20—sparkling Miss Madge Lessing transferring her services from Drury Lane to the new playhouse. The 1st of May is now named as the date of opening.

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON

is engaged with Miss Nethersole on a dramatisation of her novel, "A Daughter of the Vine," and is also at work on a play based on her remarkable novel, "Senator North." Mrs. Atherton's next book will be a Life of Alexander Hamilton, and she is at present in the Danish West Indies making researches into the mystery of Alexander Hamilton's birth and boyhood.

At the Tivoli Music Hall, Miss Bessie Bonehill is creating a tremendous sensation with her song, "God Save the King" (the author's name is not given on the programme). The house literally rises at her, and admirable she looks dressed in Levée uniform. Another excellent "turn" is Everhart "the Great," whose trundling and twisting of hoops are a sight to see. He is not eclipsed in popularity even by Lewis Wilkins, another great man, being the tallest man in the world. Marguerite Cornille and Marie Lloyd are both artists in their separate way.

The Biograph views of our beloved Queen's funeral, at the Palace Theatre, have been selected with the most perfect taste and are reproduced with marvellous effect.



MISS LILY BRAYTON,  
THE CLEVER YOUNG ACTRESS WHO HAS SCORED SUCH A SUCCESS BY HER  
IMPERSONATION OF VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

Photo by Crippin and Co., Pemberton.

## OUR NEWEST WEST-END THEATRE.

By the time these lines are in print, or by a day or two later, London's newest West-End theatre will have been opened to the public. This is the new playhouse which Mr. Lowenfeld has built next-door to the Lyric. As *Sketch* readers will remember, this busy Manager, after a competition, awarded the prize of one hundred pounds for the name "Apollo" suggested by the celebrated violinist, Miss Alice Liebmann. Since the death of the Queen, Mr. Lowenfeld sought permission to call it the "King Edward's Theatre." It would not surprise me, however, to find even this name changed to the "Coronation Theatre."

We have had many beautiful new theatres of late, both at the West-End and in the suburbs, but this theatre of Mr. Lowenfeld's is indeed a "beauty," not only in its picturesqueness of exterior and interior, and its charming and delicate Louis Quinze decorations, but also in its admirable new arrangements and inventions for the ensuring of seeing, hearing, ventilation, and other matters essential to the gentle art of comfortable playgoing.

Mr. Lowenfeld claims that this is not only the first theatre, but also the first public building of any kind, which has been thoroughly ventilated, in the British Isles anyway. I am glad to hear this. In proof of his assertion, he points with pride to a magnificent air-shaft extending from roof to basement, to a huge electric fan passing over an elaborate system of coils pumping in and out of a cavity—or double-floor vacuum—beneath the stall, pit, circle, and gallery floor. This shaft sends fresh air through scores of gratings into those parts of the house, thus thoroughly ventilating the place without a suspicion of draughts. As to draughts from the street, so common, alas! in many of our theatres, these are prevented by a triple-door arrangement at every entrance and exit.

There are two hundred luxurious stalls, a most magnificent pit, a splendid balcony and dress-circle, and a noble gallery—a gallery which will (for the first time in playhouse history) be provided not only with special seats, but with velvet-cushioned seats. Think of that! The "rake" in each of these parts of the house is finely arranged. Indeed, in this and in every other respect the line of sight (as personally tested in every part of the house by the present writer) is perfect.

The stage arrangements are also replete with novelty as well as ingenuity, and include a striking device for the better working of the scenery, and also of those generally worrying affairs, the gas and electric-light "battens." These can be brought to the stage floor, or raised into the "gridiron," for cleaning or for use, by the action of one man at a lever. The aforesaid stage is lighted by sundry new and ingenious devices, which will rather amaze beholders at first, and it is also supplied with a mechanical double-stage arrangement, so that one scene can be set while another is being used.

Mr. Lowenfeld's new theatre will open with the new American musical play, "The Belle of Bohemia." This is to be represented by

Mr. George Lederer's American company, who have achieved so striking a success with the piece in and around New York since last September.

## MR. BENSON'S "CORIOLANUS."

Mr. F. R. Benson's revival of Shakspeare's seldom-played tragedy, "Coriolanus," at the Comedy Theatre, to-night (Wednesday), should be interesting, quite apart from the fact that the play comes as an absolute novelty to London playgoers of the last thirty or forty years' standing. In the first place, "Coriolanus" awakens additional interest from the fact that Sir Henry Irving has chosen it for his welcome re-entry at the Lyceum next April, and also because this tragedy has suffered, perhaps, more than any other Shaksperian play that can be named

from the hands and pens of irreverent mutilators who from it made adaptations and even so-called new plays. Those *Sketch* readers versed in the dramatic literature of the past three hundred years will readily call to mind the principal and most audacious mutilations of this tragedy, which Shakspeare so largely built upon the Coriolanus chapters in Plutarch's Lives. These chief awful examples include "The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth; or, The Fall of Caius Marcius Coriolanus," concocted by Nahum Tate, one of the collaborators in the Tate and Brady Hymn-Book, and "The Invader of His Country; or, The Fatal Resentment," boiled down from Shakspeare's play by that curmudgeonly critic, John Dennis, who flourished—or rather, existed, poor devil!—in the days of good Queen Anne since deceased.

It is consoling to know that Mr. Benson, like Sir Henry Irving, will have naught to do with either of these hotch-potches, or with those still more extraordinary "Coriolanus" mixtures provided respectively by the poet Thomson (of "The Seasons" renown) and the player John Philip Kemble, who, in spite of his sins in this play-making regard, appears to have been the best impersonator of Coriolanus up to the time of going to press. Mr. Benson will revert to the play as Shakspeare wrote it.

## "PERIL."

To-morrow (Thursday) Mr. Arthur Bouchier will revive "Peril," at the Garrick.

The version he has chosen of Sardou's "Nos Intimes" is the one prepared by Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson (Mr. Bolton Rowe and Mr. Savile Rowe). Sir Woodbine Grafton will be represented by Mr. Frederick Kerr (who anon will have to leave the Garrick to run his season at the Court in connection with Mr. Brickwell), Sir George Ormonde will be played by Mr. Brandon Thomas, Lady Ormonde by Miss Violet Vanbrugh (Mrs. Arthur Bouchier), Lucy Ormonde by Miss Lily Grundy, and Dr. Thornton by Mr. Leonard Boyne.

Within the next day or two, Mr. Frank Curzon will present, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, a new adaptation, said to be by Mr. Edward Rose, of Charles Reade and Tom Taylor's "Masks and Faces" play. At the Prince of Wales's, Peg Woffington will be impersonated by Miss Marie Tempest, and Triplet by Mr. Frank Cooper.



MR. LOWENFELD'S NEW "APOLLO THEATRE" IN SHAFTESBURY AVENUE.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*The Testing of Machines—Organised Cycle Tours—Free-wheeling and Greasy Roads—The Carrying of the Pump—The Condition of Lamps—The Cyclists' Train.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 13, 6.8; Thursday, 6.10; Friday, 6.12; Saturday, 6.13; Sunday, 6.15; Monday, 6.17; Tuesday, 6.19.

It seems that a feeling of uneasiness has taken possession of the general wheeling mind in regard to the stability of bicycles. At no time in the history of cycling have machines been so well made as at the present day, and yet those who are keenly interested in the sport are constantly agitating their minds respecting the weakest part of a bicycle, and devising means how it may be strengthened. Of course, it is important as few risks as possible should be run. The number of accidents, however, that occur are comparatively few, although we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact that some of them are due to faulty workmanship. There are undoubted risks in cycling, and when we are tearing down a hillside at a terrific speed it is best not to contemplate what would happen supposing the fork snapped.

Some day I suppose we will have a properly qualified testing authority, who will examine every machine as it leaves the works of the manufacturers, and before it reaches the sale-room, and impress a stamp upon it, so that the purchaser may know it has no defective parts or careless workmanship. I appreciate that the leading makers may argue that as to their machines such a test would be unnecessary. But we have to remember that there are hundreds of small makers—really not makers at all, but people who join the various parts together—who offer the public what is nothing else than dangerous rubbish. I am not opposed to the small makers personally, because many of them can produce quite as excellent a machine as one that is much advertised. I am, rather, thinking of those people, of whom there are many, who make bicycles to sell without any thought of accidents that may occur to the riders. No man would think of buying a gun without looking for the mark indicating that it had been properly tested. Therefore, there is a good deal to be said in favour of testing bicycles, because one of the first effects would be that the nice-looking but poorly made machines would be cleared out of existence. The authorities of the Cyclists' Touring Club might find some very useful employment in seeing if some plan could not be arranged.

This coming summer the "C.T.C." will make an experiment in the way of organised cycling tours. There are to be trips on the Continent, and I am glad to see that Ireland, Scotland, and England are also to be included. Generally speaking, the inclusive terms work out to about a pound a-day, which is reasonable. One often reads of people touring on half that sum; but, speaking from my own experience, a pound a-day, if one lives decently, leaves very little margin indeed. No doubt, many members of the Club will avail themselves of these tours. Personally, I don't like being one of a large party, because the pace is more or less that of the weakest rider; there is a tendency towards the formation of cliques, and there are always one or two people who seem to get the best rooms at hotels, and others who are quite sure they are always given the worst. The most enjoyable touring party is one not exceeding six persons. Still, nothing is so difficult as arranging with half-a-dozen friends to get away at the same time. Therefore, these tours organised by the "C.T.C." give one an opportunity of joining in a pleasant trip and of visiting parts of the world where perhaps a rider would not care to go alone. Anyway, the tours with the "C.T.C." are probably cheaper than could be arranged individually.

Several letters have reached me asking whether it is better to use a fixed-gear or a free-wheel in winter. I have no doubt at all that a fixed-gear is preferable. It is chiefly desirable because, when roads are greasy, experience teaches that, on a fixed-gear, the rider has much better control over his machine when side-slip is imminent than on a free-wheel.

The best position for the pump is laterally, attached to the top bar of the machine. Carrying it elsewhere makes it liable to be choked with mud, and also, even on fine days, for the dust to get into it, and, unless this is blown out with one or two vigorous jerks before the tyre is inflated, it is possible that it may get into the valve and so cause inconvenience. In respect to the valves, it has been pointed out that the best way to keep rubber tubing for renewing the sleeves of a valve is to immerse it in water in a corked bottle. One who has tried this says a small phial will hold two or three years' supply of the tubing.

The lamp is usually a cause of much worry to the cyclist. The acetylene-lamps that were hailed with such jubilation a couple of years ago are now practically dead and done with. Although, as I have before pointed out, there is a good deal to be said in favour of candle-lamps, it is the ordinary oil-lamp that continues to hold favour. The wick ought not to be allowed to stay in the lamp too long; the introduction of a fresh wick now and then helps to preserve the effective light. Again, it is well occasionally to boil the burner in the same way as the household lamp-burner is done. A bicycle-lamp requires more careful looking after than the household lamp, and yet, as we all know, receives considerably less. It is not a bad plan to hood it when out riding in the daytime, for this, of course, keeps out much of the dust.

London cyclists will be glad to hear that the special train which the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company started last summer to run, each Sunday, down into the prettiest parts of Surrey and Sussex, will be started again when the warm weather arrives, with this alteration, that, instead of the train being to the same destination each Sunday, various centres will be visited on alternate Sundays. It is certainly a boon to the cyclist living in the south and west of London; and as it is probably profitable, or it would not be run again this year, it is hoped that those lines that run to the north of London will start similar trains.

J. F. F.

## THREE GENERATIONS OF GATLINGS.

We hear much of the famous Gatling-gun in all civilised countries of the world, yet few have ever heard anything of its famous inventor. Dr. Gatling is, however, still a great and busy inventor. He is now eighty-two years of age, but is as vigorous and active as a man of fifty. He was lately in Chicago arranging for the manufacture of his latest



THREE GENERATIONS OF GATLINGS.

Photo by Feeley, New York.

invention—an automatic plough which is made to do the work of eight men and twelve horses. It will be a great boon to the Western farmer and will revolutionise farming all over the world.

This picture shows three generations of Gatlings—Dr. Gatling; his son, Mr. Richard Henry Gatling; and his grandson, Addison Barns Gatling, a boy of five years.

The terrible revolving battery-gun known as the Gatling-gun is one of the most important war-inventions ever made, and is said to have taken over a million lives. Dr. Gatling has amassed a large fortune from his inventions.

Much interest was aroused by the statement that the King had specially arranged for M. Paoli to be present at the great Funeral Service in St. George's Chapel. This distinguished Frenchman, although his name was scarcely known to the general public till last week, has had a long and intimate connection with the great Royal personages of our day. He holds a high position in the French police service, and it is his boast that no Royal personage has ever been assassinated, or even attacked, when he had charge of the police arrangements. Queen Victoria had much personal regard for M. Paoli, and during her frequent visits to France she not only always sent him a message of thanks for the care which was taken of her Royal Person, but also granted him a private audience. Notwithstanding his Italian birth, he is of French nationality, and has all the suavity and charm of manner which Parisian officials cultivate as a matter of course. What M. Paoli does not know of Anarchism is not worth knowing, and he has, on more than one occasion, given unofficial warnings to those who were in danger of attack.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*The Outlook.*

I do not think we shall see a large gathering of the Upper Ten at any race-meeting before Goodwood, which is this year set to commence on July 30. The Epsom Spring and Summer Meetings will both attract large crowds of the sporting public, and the same may be said of the Lincoln, Liverpool, Chester, and Kempton Meetings; but the Ascot fixture will suffer a lot, and the Newmarket gatherings in the spring will be poorly patronised. Altogether, the outlook is not reassuring, so far as the gates are concerned, yet the members of the Racing Clubs have renewed their subscriptions as of yore, and the only loss from this source of revenue comes through so many officers being on active service in South Africa. Sport is bound to be good at the meetings held in the first two months of the flat-race season, as all the handicaps have yielded well and the two-year-olds are very forward in their work. The winter, up to now, has been highly favourable for training operations. The old horses have been kept moving, and we hear of very few handicap horses having to undergo a course of physic, which shows that only a limited number of animals have become gross from want of active work.

*The King's Horses.*

Despite rumours to the contrary, it is not likely that His Majesty the King will get rid of any of his racehorses in training. It is said they may be leased for the present year, and I should think they would be. Diamond Jubilee has a great chance of capturing the majority of the events he is engaged in, and I am told Lord Quex is very likely to capture both the Guineas and the Derby. The two-year-olds belonging to the King are a smart lot, and many of these are heavily engaged. I do not think I shall be far wrong if I mention here that the real reason why our Royal Family take such an interest in the King's horses is because they were born at Sandringham, and were brought up, so to speak, with the other pets on the estate. The King, like the good sportsman that he is, takes delight in the breeding of blood-stock, and it was a fortunate thing that such an able judge as John Porter was given the power in the first place to buy horses for the Royal stud. His Majesty, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Duke of Portland all breed horses to race, and I am glad to notice that many of the financial magnates are now about to follow their example.

*Selling Races.*

It is a pity that some law could not be passed by the Turf Senators to make Selling Races more popular. The public delight in speculating on Selling Races, and it is, to say the least, annoying to attend a meeting for the express purpose of backing a certain animal only to find that he is a non-starter. Many years ago, it was suggested that the French system should be introduced into this country. It is possible in France to claim a horse before the start, but his number has to go up. I would suggest going one better. Let any horse entered in a Selling Race be open to claim for the good of the fund, whether he run or not. We should then see only selling-platers entered for Selling Races, and fictitious claims would be no longer known. Further, we should get more triers in Selling Races. It is no uncommon thing now to find an animal down the course one week, only to pop up and win in a canter in the next. The class of owners running selling-platers under National Hunt Rules is not of the highest, if we except a few real sportsmen who run their horses with a view to winning and then getting rid of them. Selling Races could be made very popular, and they might even then be used to benefit the race-fund.

*The Derby.*

The doubt as to whose colours Volodyovski will run in for the Derby has caused the colt to waver in the betting. It can be taken for granted that this colt and Star Shoot will both be prepared by Huggins for their earlier classic engagements, and I should think the first-named would turn out to be the better of the two. Toddington is doing well, and, if he comes favourably out of a gallop with Crarae, his owner is very likely to plunge on his chance. Revenue, trained in Darling's stable, has been backed by the knowing ones. It is said that S. Loates and Sloan both think this colt will win, which is not much in his favour, judging from my own experience of jockeys' tips. I should not be in the least surprised to see Lord Quex successful. He would be ridden by M. Cannon—that is, assuming the lessee of the colt were given power to claim Cannon's services. I should say Morny would elect to ride this colt if he were at liberty, and no jockey performs more successfully over the Epsom course. There may be one or two French horses running in the Derby, but we must wait and find out more about them before venturing an opinion on their chances.

*Incomes.*

I am told that several big bookmakers have appealed successfully against the heavy charges of the Income Tax Commissioners, and one or two have shown that they made no profits last year. The layers seldom appeal if the charges are not too high, as they consider it to be a good advertisement to pay the full amount of the income-tax imposed on them; but the business of book-making was very bad last year, and a lot of their money was carried out of the country by the 'cute Yankees. True, one or two big English plungers amassed fortunes at the expense of the ring, but the bulk of the takings went to the foreigners, who betted pluckily when they

knew of a good thing, while they did not lay out a copper unless they were pretty certain of picking it up again. As I have told over and over again, the backer who works to figures and does not bet unless he knows something is never a profitable customer to the ring. They like the plunger of the Benzon type, who bets large on the thinnest of information. The "Jubilee Plunger," by-the-bye, still takes a mild interest in horse-racing and dogs.

*Nomenclature.*

It is a pity that the Stewards of the Jockey Club do not compel an owner to name all his two-year-olds before entering them in races. The greatest confusion prevails in the telegraph and newspaper offices when a batch of unnamed two-year-olds are sent to run at a meeting. The additional cost in printing and telegraphing should be taken into consideration, to say nothing of the annoyance caused to the public in having to ferret out the pedigrees and distinguish the horses. Mr. Musker will, I expect, run his young Meltons without names, though I think he might bow to the public in this matter. Further, the unnamed horses must add greatly to the labours of the clerks in Messrs. Weatherby's employ. In their choice of names, owners should be encouraged to employ single words, to save time and cost of telegraphing. The wires are continually being blocked, and every legitimate means should be employed to lessen the labours of those whose duty it is to let the public have the news as soon as possible. The Sporting News Agencies have adopted a scheme under which addresses are dispensed with, and this saves the operators an immense amount of labour.

*The Spring Handicaps.*

I was not surprised to find Harrow backed for the Lincoln Handicap, as the horse has been doing good work since he joined Wishard's team. The horse is very likely to be ridden in the race by Johnny Reiff, who has been attending school regularly in America of late. A horse much fancied at Newmarket is Marconi, who is to be ridden by Maher. This smart American rider has, I believe, asserted that he would ride more winners in 1901 than any other jockey, but he must not forget what old Huxtable is reported to have said to the late Duchess of Montrose, who had upbraided him for not going to the fore. His reply was, "Well, your Grace, I could not come along without the horse." Everything depends on the class of mount Maher gets. Even he could not be expected to get some of our bad horses home, no matter what the weight given them. Little Eva, who is being well backed for the Lincoln Handicap, was badly kicked at the post before starting for the Cambridge-shire. This fact should be borne in mind, as I am convinced the mare is good enough to win a big handicap. I am not likely to forget her victory over Knight of the Thistle at Doncaster in the autumn of '99.

CAPTAIN COE.



A SCOTTISH SNAPSHOT: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK (HAPPILY RECOVERING FROM HIS RECENT ILLNESS).

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

LIKE swallows flying South, the exodus has already begun from this land of mourning and sorrowful memories, and it would seem as if everyone who can muster from even a fifty-pound note upwards is bent on escaping, for a short space at all events, into brighter surroundings than the British Isles have to offer at the moment. Fifty pounds may not accomplish much in the matter of travel, but it, at least,



[Copyright.]

A BLACK COSTUME À LA MODE.

translates one from these uncomfortable Northern latitudes to pleasant places where skies are blue and the sun shines warmly in mimosa-scented air. What enchanters, therefore, are these morsels of crisp paper which, waved in the face of railway fiends, dissolve distance and accomplish the Open Sesame to a Southern Eden from which the impecunious are eternally barred. I think a day will come when London will be practically non-existent to the prosperous classes for all but three summer months of Season. Already the tendency to desert it at all possible times outside the Season proper is notably on the increase, and, when the County Council shall have wreaked its preposterous will by running overhead tram-lines in the fashionable thoroughfares and used every and any other possible means of rendering London unbearable to its better classes, we shall, no doubt, desert *en masse*, abandon Babylon to its myriad unwashed, and work out the problem of living amidst a less depressing environment. It is to be hoped, however, the House of Commons will unite in averting this great departure by rejecting so ill-advised and ill-considered a scheme as is now being put forward by the London County Council. To cut up most of the smartest streets and thoroughfares of the Metropolis by hideous tram-lines is to court the flight of rich inhabitants from those quarters.

Let me revert for a moment to that infinitely pathetic scene at Victoria Station, when our late Queen's remains were brought by the

King from Portsmouth on the day of the grand funeral procession through London. No one could help sympathising most deeply with His Majesty, for the worn and troubled look of his usually beaming, happy face betokened the pain he must have endured whilst called upon, with sad suddenness, to undertake the onerous burdens of the Sovereign. His Majesty's natural fitness to discharge with geniality and graciousness the regal duties devolving upon him was noticeably exemplified in his urbane welcome of the kingly visitors awaiting him at Victoria. It was a happy thought to erect a handsome pavilion for the comfort of King Edward and his Imperial and Royal guests. As may be judged from the accompanying photogram, it was a triumph of the decorative art, reflecting the greatest credit on Messrs. Maple and Co., who accomplished the work with characteristic good taste and despatch. With its prevailing colouring of purple and white, the pavilion was beautiful to look on outside. Inside, it was a perfect gem. Indeed, the tapestry panels representing the favourite homes of Queen Victoria were so lovely, the white marble bust of our departed Sovereign Lady was so sweet to look at, and the whole was so elegant, that it seemed a pity the glorified pavilion was but a temporary erection. Perhaps it is not too late now to preserve it?

Hardly had the solemn sound of tolling funeral-bells and booming cannon died out in mournful vibrations on the air than the sound of wedding chimes came echoing over the water from Holland. For such is life—made up of meetings and partings! To write "Finis" at the end of one chapter but leads to the capital that begins the head-line of the next. The young Queen of Holland has a will of her own and a strength of character which, by all accounts, should take her far if well and wisely directed. The best one can wish her is that the splendid example of our own dead Queen may influence a young Monarch who sets out in life very similarly environed, and that she may set herself a standard as lofty and as faithfully followed as did Victoria of stainless and splendid memory.

Mourning is admittedly the most expensive form of dress, and for two reasons—firstly, that the entire scheme of black required, dress, hat, coat, petticoat, gloves, and the many minor details of a woman's wardrobe, do not admit of that "doing up" process which is so easy in coloured costume; and secondly, that black which is not positively and obviously fresh is positively and most obviously shabby. There is no middle course of compromise open to black. A single split glove-seam, a shabby skirt-brim, a shiny seam, and the wearer thereof is sartorially condemned and relegated to the rank of seediness forthwith. Now, many of our coloured garments would bear a new existence gracefully if relegated to



THE ROYAL PAVILION AT VICTORIA STATION.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

such experts in the art of dyeing as Campbell's, of Perth, to whom articles of every sort, from feathers to whole costumes, can be sent direct. They dye a fast and beautiful black, and return any articles in a few days if required, which many will find a great convenience, as well as a decided economy, during the continuance of our national mourning.



Black pearls are being a good deal used by dressmakers just now for mourning embroideries on evening-gowns. They are softer, less hard and glittering than jet, and blend better with grey and white pearls, with which they are beginning to be extensively *en évidence*. The fashion comes from America, where black pearls and pink coral or turquoise beads were freely admired before our national mourning became an unhappy necessity. Ribbon embroidery has also received a distinct fillip, and evening-gowns of velvet *crêpe-de-Chine* or satin gain enormously in effect by the addition of elaborate embroideries wrought in white, black, or mauve embroidery-ribbon.

Apropos of pearls and their popularity, I am reminded of some quite exquisite designs in jewelled corsage-ornaments, tiaras, and necklaces which the Parisian Diamond Company have just introduced. These

The *Cape Argus*, in an amusing account of this miscarriage of mails, suggests that our store of energy and enterprise in the Old Country cannot be said to have given out if many display the same spirit of venture as Messrs. Norman and Stacey.

From the Riviera, where many much-to-be-envied mortals are at the moment basking in sunshine, I hear great accounts of that superlatively smart hotel, The Hermitage, which has just been opened at Monte Carlo. When I was in that very modern Paradise, last February, the foundations were being laid, and now I have accounts of an immense restaurant under the world-renowned Diette and a hotel at which everybody meets everybody else, and both are spoken of in terms of highest eulogy by all those who have the good-fortune to experience these hazy surroundings.

SYBIL.

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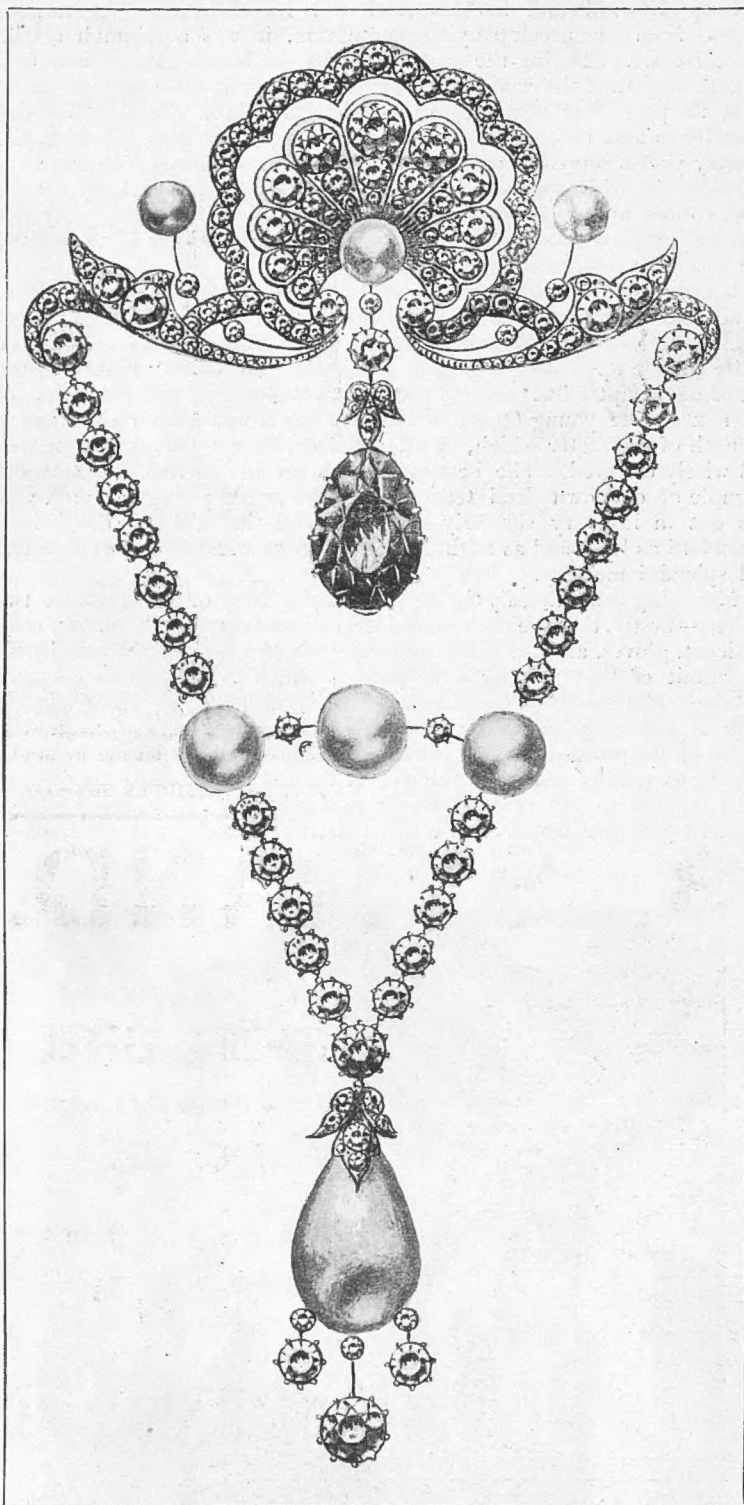
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### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



A CORSAGE-PENDANT AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

are set with white and black pearls, relieved by the glittering brilliants for which this company is so justly celebrated. An illustration of one of their most recent designs is given herewith—a corsage-pendant which would redeem the most sombre garment from insignificance and raise it to distinctive elegance.

The Boers, like another unpicturesque section of humanity, seem to be always with us now, and one of their latest exploits has been to advertise a big London firm in a manner most unexpected. Having looted the mail on a recent occasion, and found that it chiefly contained booklets addressed to every officer at "the Front" by Messrs. Norman and Stacey, of 118, Queen Victoria Street, who largely furnish the upper-class public on their instalment plan, the Boers forthwith scattered these pamphlets far and wide on the veldt. One of our officers, coming across some of these weeks afterwards, wrote a letter to Messrs. Norman and Stacey commenting on the fact, and this is now shown at their offices.

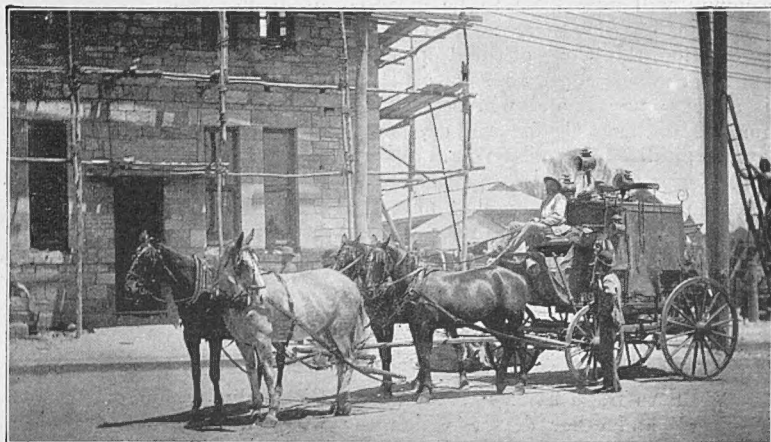


## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 26.*

## MONEY AND THE GOVERNMENT BORROWING.

AS everybody had expected, the Bank Rate was lowered to help the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his hour of need, but considerable dissatisfaction is generally expressed that the Bank Directors did not try to inaugurate an effective 4 per cent. instead of an ineffective  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Since the official minimum was raised on



THE LAST COACH FOR MENZIES.

Jan. 3 last, the reserve has increased from £16,200,000 to £21,500,000, and the proportion from the abnormally low one of  $29\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to over 45 per cent.; but the inflow of gold has been very small, and the improved position appears due to changes in internal circulation.

The decision of the Government to borrow by means of Exchequer Bonds was in accordance with general expectation, although the best City opinion is in favour of some more permanent method of supplying the funds necessary to wind up the South African War. Sir Michael has on several previous occasions shown such a partiality for stop-gap expedients that it would have been expecting too much to hope for better things.

For people like Trustees, who have been grumbling at the impossibility of making fair interest for the funds at their disposal, the present is a very good opportunity. The general expectation is that the Three per Cent. Exchequer Bonds will fetch about 97, and, as they are repayable at par on Dec. 7, 1905, the holder at such a price will get about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for his money on the security of the British Government—a return which two or three years ago would have been considered quite outside the range of practical politics.

From the small amount of the issue—only £11,000,000—it looks as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to draw pretty heavily on current revenue for the main part of the sinews of war, which is a bad outlook for the present race of taxpayers. What a pity one of the great Railway Companies does not make Sir Michael chairman, and give him an opportunity of applying his principles to the capital expenditure! If three-quarters of the cost of every siding and branch, to say nothing of the whole cost of every new station, were paid for out of current revenue, it might be better for our grandchildren, and, under the name of honest finance, would sound well; but the ordinary stockholders of to-day would probably soon be all sellers, a position which the wretched taxpayer cannot take up for obvious reasons.

## HOME RAILS.

With the single exception of the London and Tilbury, all the nineteen principal Railway Companies have declared dividends at a lesser rate than those paid in the corresponding half-year of 1900. The worst loss of all falls to the holders of Great Northern Deferred stock, who get nothing at all as compared with a dividend at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. distributed last February. On Brighton "A" and Metropolitan Consolidated the drop is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.—for the whole year as regards "Berthas," and for the last six months in the case of Metropolitan. Dover "A," which received  $1\frac{7}{8}$  for 1899, is to get nil for 1900. Reductions at the rate of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. are announced in the dividends on Great Eastern, Great Western, North-Western, and Lancashire and Yorkshire Ordinary stocks. There are falls of  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. on Midland Deferred, of  $\frac{3}{8}$  on South-Western Deferred (for the year), and  $\frac{1}{4}$  on North Staffordshire stock. Amongst the important lines, the North-Eastern conspicuously shines with a reduction of only  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. A more dreary list it would be difficult to imagine, and what wonder is it that the Home Railway Market is a painfully dull one? The only strong spots are those in which a bear account is well known to exist. Scotch stocks are sharing the general depression, on the assumption that the Companies over the Border must also come out badly in the dividend declarations next month.

Not only have the ordinary railways suffered from enhancement of working expenses, but the Electrical lines have also been feeling the same burden, due mainly, of course, to the rise in the price of fuel, wages, and material. The little City and South London is paying at the rate of

$1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. per annum, as against the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in 1900. The Central London report, showing a net profit of £49,456 for five months, complains seriously of the "abnormally high prices of fuel and materials," which brought the expenses up to  $58\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. of the receipts. It has indeed been a disastrous half-year for the Railway Companies.

## GRAND TRUNKS.

It is always the way! When anything good is expected in the Grand Trunk Market, prices rise points above their real worth a few days prior to the event, and then fall again. Contrariwise, as they say in "Alice in Wonderland," an anticipated bad statement, traffic, or dividend unduly depresses prices, which advance upon the carrying-out of the expectations. Perhaps nobody in the Trunk Market really thought the company would pay more than 3 per cent. on the Second Preference stock, although vigorous hopes were fanned that  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to  $3\frac{3}{4}$  might be distributed. Therefore, when the anticipated 3 per cent. came out, behold a general fall, the Guaranteed stock alone betraying no flatness. There is nothing surprising in it.

Clearly, Trunk Firsts are valued very fairly at 90. At that price they yield  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.—quite as low a rate as should be looked for on such a speculative stock. Cheapening money, however, may bring a 5-point rise, and investors have good reason for considering the interest tolerably secure. Trunk Seconds at 64; it is curious to observe, pay less than 5 per cent. to the investor, and obviously they must be either highly overvalued or the First Preference is anomalously cheap. Of the two, we regard the latter as decidedly the better investment at all points.

## THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

With what thankfulness of heart does the Stock Exchange welcome any revival in Kaffirs! To judge by the glad faces and the eager way in which members have been dashing to and from the House during the last few days, one might have thought that Rand Mines were over 50 or Chartered up to 5. But it was not necessary for fancy prices to be reached in order to cheer the Kaffir Circus. A very little bidding did it, and from a Slough of Despond the Market has become changed once more into a Land of Hope.

Actually upon what grounds the revival has occurred it is difficult to say. Doubtless there were many dealers in the Kaffir Circus who felt extremely sore at the success of the West African Market, and who seized upon a temporary depression in the latter as an excuse for making a diversion in South Africans. The buying, so the experienced financial writers tell us, emanated from Germany and America, although we are not told whether it was on behalf of the Kaiser, or somebody else. We are somewhat inclined to be sceptical as to this Germany theory, however, and are pretty strongly convinced that the support had its origin in certain well-known London offices, market magnates at last venturing into the arena which for so long they seemed to have deserted. Moreover, there has been a fair amount of buying on behalf of belated bears, which always imparts a look of anxious bullishness to any department that starts a bear stampede.

As for the news from the Transvaal, there is nothing in that to account for the rise in South Africans, although confidence in Kitchener is daily growing, and the Stock Exchange prophets freely forecast the General's secret tactics. Once Botha and De Wet are safely captured, says this sanguine market, all will be well; meanwhile, let us start prices going, for a change. Glad we are to see the better tone in Kaffirs,



A VIEW OF HANNAN STREET, KALGOORLIE.

but we have witnessed so many promising riselets pinch out that we are diffident in venturing the statement that the present one can last, as there are so few real grounds for its ever having come.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"It is not often that I get into a temper—," remarked The Broker.

"Not often that you get into a good one," interrupted The Jobber.

"—But I did the other day," continued The Broker, ignoring the rudeness.



"Was it over the Bubble dividend, or did somebody walk off with your *Morning Post* advertisements?" inquired The Engineer, raising a subdued laugh from the younger members.

"Neither. As a matter of fact, I sold all the Yankees I had on a strong New York tip cabled across, and the beastly things rose about three dollars all round in the next hour. Never had a chance of getting them back, either," he finished disconsolately.

"Fancy a speculator losing his temper!" scoffed The Jobber. "And over Yankees, of all things in the world!"

"It is indeed a wonderful market," ruminated The Banker. "I have seen many booms in American Railroad shares before, but never one like that which has now been progressing for the last five months."

"Very dangerous to touch Yankees now, I 'calc'late," The Merchant began. "Look how the Americans pull the strings. The very unearliest rumours are considered sufficient justification for jumps of five, seven, and ten dollars, or what you will."

"What disgusts me is the way they have footled about with the Erie Pref. dividend," said The Merchant. "The Board have money in hand—if the accounts are to be trusted—that would pay it twice over, and still they postpone it and put it off, until we holders think there must be something—"

"Eerie about the management," suggested The Engineer, following a notoriously bad example. "Well, for my part, I cannot see why people don't stick to this country and 5 per cent., instead of rushing in where—"

"Sh! 'sh!'" purred The Banker. "My dear sir, let us not be—"

"Too serious," concluded The Jobber for him. "No; but, joking apart—don't look so scandalised, sir—the public are very foolish not to buy good-class things at the present time."

"So I think," declared The Merchant; "but it isn't at all wonderful that their eyes are closed to their opportunities. If they write to their bankers about investing money they have on deposit, what do the bankers say?"

"We should tell them to leave their money where it is," The Banker laid down, falling with beautiful innocence into the trap. "I should tell them that they are getting good interest and they had better let the matter stay for a time."

"That's just it!" triumphantly exclaimed The Merchant. "My friend The Banker has saved me the trouble of making my point."

"How so?" The Banker looked rather mystified.

"Why, all you financiers tell people to keep their money in the bank, because they get decent interest at the present time, but it never strikes the public that they are missing golden opportunities now for cheap purchases, and that, when money gets easier again, prices will all have risen considerably. Who is there to open the public's eyes?"

"The newspapers, of course," promptly returned The Engineer.

"My dear sir, what daily papers are there which take the trouble, and the responsibility, of helping investors? They write touching platitudes about the cheapness of investment stocks, but, as for any practical advice in selection, does the *Standard* help you, the *Daily Telegraph*, or any of the big dailies?"

"What about the evening papers?" was The Engineer's bait.

"There you are again!" The Merchant eagerly continued. "Take any of the papers that you know are absolutely straight: for instance, the *Westminster* and the *Pall Mall*—"

"Why is Sir Douglas Straight?" asked The Jobber in parenthesis.

"Like the big morning papers, they reel off columns about Whitaker Wright, Bottomley, and other godsend to financial journalists; but as to help of the positive character, the investor may go through their pages week after week and think himself lucky if he finds a practical suggestion once a fortnight. Am I not right?" And he faced round to The Broker.

"H'm!" replied that cautious individual; "I think you are over-drawing it a bit, but I daresay there is something in what you say. Only, you know, people can always come to the Stock Exchange for advice, and always get it, too."

The Merchant agreed. "But," he contended, "there are many people, particularly in the provinces, who know not the Stock Exchange, and have only their bankers and their newspapers to look to for advice as to their money matters."

"After all this," put in The Banker, "perhaps you would be so good as to favour us with a few examples of what you consider good investments, of high standing and likely to improve in capital value."

But The Merchant said that, with two members of the Stock Exchange in the compartment, it would be superfluous for him to do so, and The Broker took up the challenge forthwith.

"Investments," quoth he, "are plentiful as jobbers in the Jungle. West Australian 3½ per cent. stands at par. There's one for you; good enough for anybody."

"Tell us another," said The Engineer equivocally.

"Central Argentine Railway 3½ per cent. Debenture stock at 96. The Ordinary is 109, and gets 5 per cent."

"Another."

"London and Westminster Banks. Pay you 5 per cent., and are safe as houses."

"One more."

"Gas Light and Coke 3 per cent. Debentures at 93," came the pat reply. "Or Pearson and Knowles 6 per cent. Cumulative Preferences at 6½, £5 shares. Oh! there are dozens of them."

"I never thought to meet a broker who seemed to know so much," meditated The Jobber audibly, as he alighted.

## THE TEA CRISIS.

The over-production which has been the dread of prudent tea-planters for several years has at length brought about its inevitable crisis, not only in the manufactured article, but in the value of estates, and the outlook for any but the producers of the highest-class tea is very black.

The fall in price of common teas has been enormous, until the preposterous figure of threepence-halfpenny a-pound has been reached—a price, we need hardly say, at which no tea can be produced without a heavy loss. In the better-class leaf the competition has not been so severe, and the drop will mean more the cutting down of profits than actual loss on each pound sold. Teas that last year brought one shilling a-pound will now have to be disposed of at ninepence-halfpenny or tenpence, but, as there is no corresponding reduction in the cost of production, the whole of the drop will have to come out of profits.

For the best concerns, such as Doom Dooma or Dooais, the matter is serious enough, and will certainly mean a dividend reduction; but, for the ordinary Ceylon tea company, and especially those which are over-capitalised, it spells ruin, unless some fresh market can be found. In America good prices can still be obtained for Japanese green tea, and it is the opinion of those best able to judge that, for many producers, both in India and Ceylon, the only road to salvation will be found in this direction. What has been done for China tea in the European and Colonial markets, it is suggested, may also be accomplished in the United States by competition with Japan.

## THE JUNGLE BUBBLE.

West Australia having fallen out of favour by reason of "market rigging" and other devices which the wire-pullers have indulged in, and Kaffirs being impossible by reason of the War, the gambling spirit was obliged to create some new form of excitement to satisfy the desire of a large section of the public to get rich without the necessity for work, so the Jungle bubble was started and has greatly flourished; but at the smallest sign of the Boer War coming to an end, it becomes evident that the bottom will in all probability come out of what we believe to be the most unwarrantable gamble of the last ten years.

For a quarter of a century gold has been known to exist on the West Coast, and for more years than we can remember people have been trying to mine it at a profit, but as yet no one has succeeded in taking out as many sovereigns as he has put in. In the 'seventies and the 'eighties, for a case of gin anybody could get a concession, and nobody could do any good with it when he had got it. Does any really sane man believe that circumstances have so changed as to make the working of West Coast mines capable of returning dividends upon capital values which (at present prices) run into millions?

The difficulties which handicap the majority of gold-mines in Venezuela, Nicaragua, and other countries of the same class have long been so notorious as to make the British public very shy of touching them; but, compared to West Africa, these difficulties are not worth talking about. The Government officials die like flies, mine-managers have to be paid famine-prices to go near it, and cannot stay when they get there more than a few months. If you clear a road to take machinery ten miles through the forest, before the last mile is done the first is blocked up again, and, after all, the ore is very patchy, and will not show an ounce to the ton over any large quantity. We say nothing about the titles to the majority of the properties—in most cases they do not exist, and in the remainder consist of "King Pompei his mark" to something which the dusky potentate did not understand.

The whole Jungle business is a bubble of the worst kind, which is bound to end in loss to those who get left with the shares as soon as the truth begins to be realised.

Saturday, Feb. 9, 1901.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

INSURANCE.—We do not like the office you mention, and would not hold an insurance in it for ourselves.

C. D. D.—You cannot be required to give up your scrip except against payment in cash, but, if you adopt this course, the most convenient way would be to instruct your bankers to send the Debenture stock and signed transfer to their head-office, with instructions to hand it over to your broker against payment.

ALPHA.—The price of the shares is ¾ to 1.

CAESAREA.—(1) Probably the Brighton "A" should be kept. (2) Certainly hold on. (3) Ditto. (4) If it is steady dividend you want, there is no reason to sell. (5) These have had a big rise, and our idea would be to sell. (6) Very likely will go to par. (7) We do not know these brokers.

M.—We are very glad you find the information correct. Our Correspondent has unfortunately gone away for a trip, and we miss his letters very much. We have no further information than the rest of the world as to the mine; what we have is rather favourable.

CANADA.—If you will give us the approximate date of the article you refer to, we will look it up and make inquiries from the writer as to the mine. We have no recollection of the letter, and the mine is not known on this market.

KYLE.—The whole lot appear to be bad eggs. It is possible that "A" may come round, for it is in a good situation.

CONSTANT READER.—We really have no views, except that the investment would not recommend itself to us. It is absolutely unknown on the Stock Exchange.

JUNGLE.—The whole thing is probably rubbish. Get out—the sooner the better.

ANDY.—Chinese Gold Bonds at 101-2 are as good as anything you can get to pay 6 per cent.